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THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS.

SEPTEMBER, 1911
VOL. XII, NO. 115

THE THEATRE



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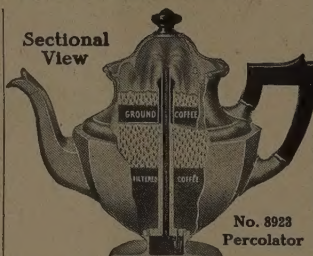
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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Renault—Q.—Will Eleanor Robson appear on the stage in New York or London this season? A.—Miss Robson (now Mrs. August Belmont) has retired from the stage.

"R. J."—Q.—At what theatre and when was "The Great Divide" first presented in New York? A.—At the Princess Theatre on October 8, 1906. Q.—Kindly give me the original cast. A.—Stephen Ghent, Henry Miller; Philip Jordan, Charles Wynegar; Winthrop Newbury, Charles Gotthold; Dr. Newbury, William J. Butler; Lon Anderson, Robert Cummings; Dutch, Arnold Wilbur; Pedro, Leon Roberts; Burt Williams, Henry B. Walthall; an Architect, Bertram Harrison; a Contractor, Frederick Moore; Mrs. Jordan, Thomas Whiffen; Polly Jordan, Laura Hope Crews; Ruth Jordan, Margaret Anglin. Q.—What is the cost of the numbers in which appeared scenes from the play? A.—A scene from "The Great Divide" appeared in our November, 1906, number. The price of this is fifty cents.

Foster Buck—Q.—In what number did scenes from "The Music Master" appear, and what is the price of this number? A.—In November, 1904, \$1.00 per copy. Q.—In what number appeared the original cast? A.—November, 1904.

H. G. Ulrich—Q.—Have you ever published scenes from "Lovers' Lane"? A.—Yes, in our May, 1901, issue.

C. A. Chicago—Q.—Where may I find a picture of Paula Edwards as she appeared in "The Princess Beggar"? A.—In the March, 1907, number of THE THEATRE such a picture appeared.

J. J. N., Chicago—Q.—What are Victor Moore's plans for this season? A.—He will be seen in a new comedy entitled "The Darling Doctor." Q.—Where is he spending his vacation? A.—We do not know. Q.—Have you published his photograph on a post card? A.—We have not as yet included Mr. Moore in our post card series.

A Regular Subscriber—Q.—Have you published either an interview or an article about Mr. Beerbohm Tree? A.—In the October, 1909, number of THE THEATRE appeared a profusely illustrated article on Mr. Tree.

S. G. Beers—Q.—Is Israel Zangwill's play "The Melting Pot," in which Walker Whiteside is appearing this season, published in book form? If so, where may I purchase it? A.—"The Melting Pot" is published in book form by the Macmillan Company. It may be purchased at almost any booksellers, or write direct to the publishers. Scenes and excerpts from the dialogue of this play were published in our February, 1909, number.

Riverside—Q.—Have you published photographs of Frances Cameron or George Damerel in "The Merry Widow"? A.—We have not.

M. R. S.—Q.—Give me a brief sketch of Raymond Hitchcock's life. A.—Born and educated in Auburn, N. Y., it was with the chorus of the Charleston Opera Company that Raymond Hitchcock began his theatrical career. After engagements with Dan Daly, George W. Monroe, Peter F. Dailey, Robert Hilliard and May Irwin, Henry W. Savage engaged Mr. Hitchcock for a principal part with the Castle Square Opera Company. After two years with this company he appeared in "We 'Uns of Tennessee" and "The Red, White and Blue." The plays that he appeared successfully in are: "Three Little Lambs," "The Belle of Bridgeport," "Vienna Life," "Miss Bob White," "King Dodo," "The Yankee Consul," "Easy Dawson," "The Galloper," "The Student King," "The Yankee Tourist" and "The Man Who Owns Broadway."

H. M. C., Mo.—Q.—Can you give the cast of character of "The Climax" as produced in New York? A.—Luigi, Golfanti, Albert Bruning; Pietro Golfanti, Efmingham A. Pinto; John Raymond, William Lewers; Adelina von Hagen, Leona Watson.

C. C. Jenny, Greenwich, O.—Q.—What is the office address of the Orpheum Circuit? A.—1495 Broadway, New York City.

W. L. Starling, Lawrenceville—Q.—Have you ever published scenes from "The Importance of Being Earnest," produced several years ago? A.—No. A review of this play appeared in the May, 1902, number of THE THEATRE.

M. Stone, New York City—Q.—Was "The Circus Rider" the name of a play in which Rosina Vokes appeared several years ago, and what was the date of the performance? A.—Yes, "The Circus Rider" by Mrs. Charles Doremus was presented by Rosina Vokes at Daly's Theatre during the week of May 16, 1891, which was the closing week of that season. The play you mention, "My Milliner's Bill," was also acted the same week.

C. E. D., Lincoln, Neb.—Q.—Have you ever published an interview with Mary Mannering? A.—In July, 1902.

A Subscriber—Q.—Who wrote "Mrs. Dane's Defence"? In what month and year was it first produced? Give the original cast. A.—Henry Arthur Jones is the author of "Mrs. Dane's Defence." It was seen for the first time in America on December 31, 1900, at the Empire Theatre, New York. Following is the original American cast: Daniel Carteret, Charles Richman; Lionel Carteret, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.; Canon Bonsey, W. H. Crompton; Bulsom-Porter, E. Y. Backus; James Risby, Guy Standing; Fendick, George Osborne, Jr.; Adams, Frank Brownlee; Wilson, George Sylvester; Lady Eastney, Jessie Millward; Mrs. Dane, Margaret Anglin; Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, Ethel Hornick; Janet Colquhoun, Margaret Dale.

A Reader, Havana—Q.—When was "Higgledy-Piggledy" first produced, and was it reviewed in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—"Higgledy-Piggledy" was first produced in New York on October 27, 1904, at Weber's Music Hall. A review and scenes from the play appeared in the December, 1904, number of this magazine.

B. H. H., Albuquerque—Q.—Has Billie Burke appeared in vaudeville at any time during the past two years? A.—During the past two years Miss Burke has been seen in "My Wife" and "Love Watches."

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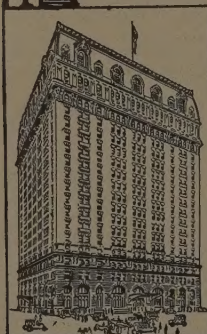
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Some New Books

MY OWN PHILOSOPHY; AND OTHER POEMS AND DRAMAS. By Werner Eggerth, Spokane, Wash.

This author was born August 21, 1854, on a farm ten miles west of the Mississippi River, near Guttenberg, Clayton County, Iowa. At the age of seventeen he was stricken with spinal meningitis and became totally deaf. He lost his older brother at the same time from the same disease. Incapacitated from an entirely free communication with his fellow men, although successful in a business way as a contractor in the building of houses, he has ruminated and written much. He sets forth his philosophy in the form of verse, and publishes his own book, a very handsome volume. His three short plays, philosophical and tragic, are not adapted to stage production.

A STUDY OF THE DRAMA. By Brander Mathews, Boston, New York and Chicago; Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910. \$1.50.

Mr. Brander Mathews always writes with fullness of information, and his wide range in this volume touches every period in playwriting. The diversity of subjects treated is explained by the fact that the author has availed himself of various papers published by him during the past few years in leading magazines. While the volume does not present a system of playwriting in detail it does fairly cover the ground which the author has chosen to garner in. "It is," as says the prefatory note, "intended, not for those who want to write plays, but for those who wish to learn how plays are written now, and how they have been written in the past." Certain aspects of playwriting are considered with considerable fullness. Thus, the history of the use of the Monologue is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The historical features of the principles are well handled, and the latest usages are set forth clearly and by reference to many writers. Among the chapters are: The Influence of the Actor, The Influence of the Audience, A Chapter of Definitions, Traditions and Conventions, The Elizabethan Dramatists, and The Poetic Drama and the Dramatic Poem. Some useful suggestions for study and a bibliography of technical works and books of reference are appended. There are fourteen illustrations devoted to the plans of theatres, beginning with the earliest and coming down to such recent architecture as may be seen in the Empire Theatre in New York. Twenty-two columns indexing the book indicates a very great variety of references and topics.

ALLISON'S LAD AND OTHER MARTIAL INTERLUDES. By Beulah Marie Dix. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

These six one-act plays concern incidents of war, with the scenes laid in countries and periods remote. Thus, the atmosphere is that of romanticism, although the action, as is natural in "Marital Interludes," is highly dramatic and often tragic. By reason of costumes and scenery they would be picturesque in performance. They would also be serviceable on the stage. Beulah Dix's work is infused with the poetic quality. It is not out of the way to suggest that she might find more practical success in applying her qualities and her skill to subjects nearer home.

Books Received

"THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET." A psychological study by Henry Frank. Cloth. 319 pp. \$1.50 net. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.
 "THE GARDEN AT NO. 19." By Edgar Jepson. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.20 net. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co.
 "THE INTRUSION OF JIMMY." By P. G. Wodehouse. Cloth. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.

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Congratulations to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE of New York, which celebrated its tenth birthday with the May number. It began interestingly and has grown in every way in the decade of its life. In fact, it has become so good that looking forward to another ten years, I can see but scant chance for greater improvement.

As it now is, it measures up to the possibilities of a magazine of the stage. It covers the whole field of theatricals, with especial attention to the American stage, and it does this brilliantly, justly and with the authority of learning, skill, experience and sympathy.

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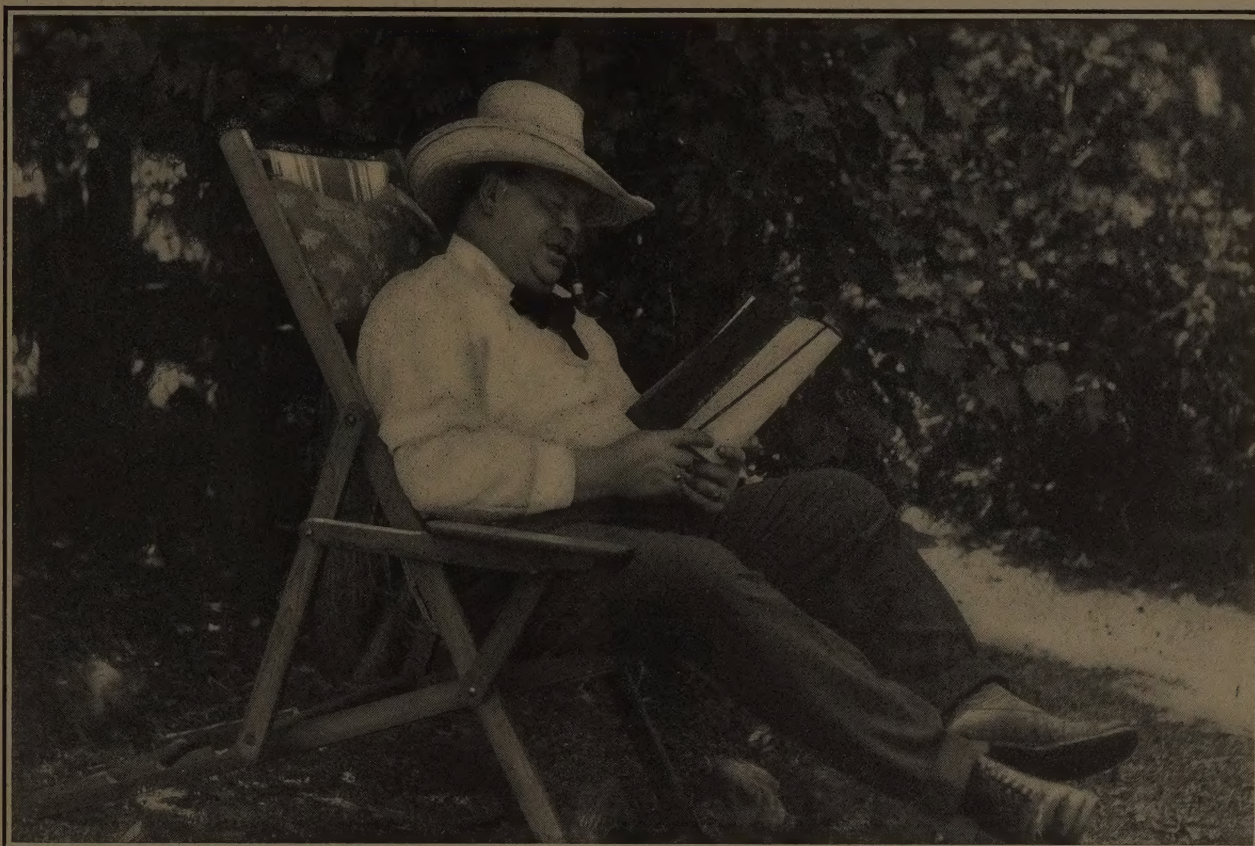
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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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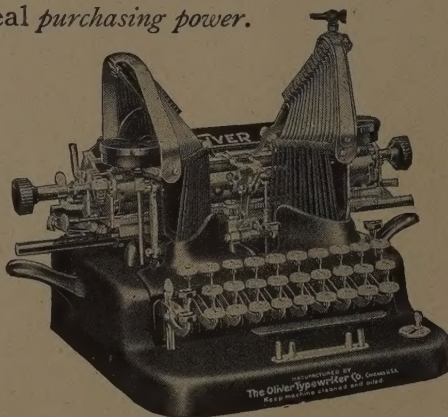
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The Inefficient Actor

Because there is always room at the top of the stage ladder—a disconcerting amount of it, in point of fact—the bottom is always overcrowded with newcomers, whose faces are upward turned and who are determined to climb, if only the chance presents itself. The spectacle of ambitious youth seeking bravely for a foothold is always interesting, but there is probably no pursuit in which more aspirants are doomed to blasted hopes than that of the stage.

Of course, the acting profession must be recruited. The poor player whose hour of strut and fret has passed must give place to another. But it could be wished that some sort of sifting process might be adopted to permit only those that are qualified to enter the struggle to pass through the stage door. Not only would this save the unfit from bitter and inevitable disappointment, but it would prove a boon to the theatre, ridding its precincts of encumbering and hopeless material and clearing the way for those that possess the necessary qualifications, if not for supreme success at least for useful and creditable achievement. As it is, the incompetent shoulder the skillful, and the standards of acting become blurred and confused.

The man or woman who follows the wish to go on the stage by going—or trying to go—perceives that the door is wide open to all comers. It is only the opportunity to make the start that is essential—the rest is easy. Friends at court are invoked to aid in getting the wedge in; agents and managers are besieged, and when, or if, a chance to make a beginning is found, the embryo actor feels that the battle is virtually won. Disillusionment and defeat generally follow, because it is well within reason to assert that at least 90 per cent. of these beginners are not equipped to serve the theatre even in the humblest capacity. And is there anything more hopeless, more pathetic, than the figure of the mediocre actor who can never rise even to a position of competency, and who, although a failure in the unwisely chosen calling, might have become useful and successful in some other occupation for which he was suited?

The person who has got the acting bee in his bonnet is not a judge of his own suitability for the theatrical career that he craves. Misguided friends often urge him on, and he loses his bearings. There should be some force within the theatre itself to confront him at the entrance, pass upon his qualifications, and if he fails to measure up to the requirements, turn him away on the instant for good and all. This would be a merciful provision for the applicant and a blessing to the acting profession which now contains too many incapables and defectives.

There is regulation and examination for those that seek to enter the professions and the arts; there is adequate protection against incompetence and imposture, charlatanism and pretense, in their practice. But the bars are down so far as the stage is concerned, and every species of fool or fraud is free to hop upon it.—From the *Dramatic Mirror*.

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Victor New Red Seal Records

Two new hits by Nora Bayes.—*What Good is Water When You're Dry?* This is one of the most momentous questions of the present day to a great many citizens, and Miss Bayes has endeavored to treat the subject with great fairness. We may as well say, however (in order to prevent any one from buying the record under a misapprehension), that the little German maiden Miss Bayes represents fully decides against water as a beverage! "For a ship to sail on," she says, "it is fine; but to drink—well, not me!" *That Lovin' Rag*.—This little "rag" number which Miss Bayes has sung for the Victor is quite familiar to the audiences who have heard her during the past season, and is a clever number of its kind. A new record of Caruso's great Gioconda air; a Falstaff air by Frances Alda, soprano; two fine McCormack ballads—Annie Laurie, Molly Bawn; a new Constantino record—"Manon"—Ah! *dispar vision!*

The popular Faust Serenade by Journet; three new records by Mme. Powell, violinist, *Capriccio Valse*, *Romance from Concerto No. 2, Op. 22* (Wieniawski); four new Elman solos (accompanied by Percy B. Kahn)—*Mennett* (Haydn), *Gavotte* (Mozart), *Caprice Basque* (Pablo de Sarasate), *Nur wer, die Sehnsucht kennt* (Ye Who Have Yearned Alone), (Tschaiowsky).

THE THEATRE

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Richard Bennett

Irene Fenwick

SCENE IN THE ROMANTIC COMEDY "THE BRASS BOTTLE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Theatre Managers Promise a Brilliant Season

JUDGING by the elaborate managerial announcements, the theatrical season of 1910-11 will be one of the busiest and most interesting in several years. A large number of important new plays by leading American and foreign dramatists are scheduled for presentation, and most of the favorite players have been fitted with new rôles. Chief attention, of course, will be focussed on Charles Frohman's production of an English version by Louis N. Parker of Edmond Rostand's barnyard drama "Chantecler," in which Miss Maude Adams is to appear as the lordly rooster. It is difficult to understand why a woman should have been selected to play a part for which she is obviously so unfitted physically. It is not easy to imagine frail, little Miss Adams as a giant rooster seven feet high, tricked out in the plumage of a bird, heroic, aggressive, arrogant, noisy! No matter how popular an actress may be, the danger of ridicule is ever present in such an experiment. But no doubt Mr. Frohman knows what he is about. Possibly he argues that if people go to sleep over "Chantecler" they can always be depended upon to spend two dollars to see the ever charming Maude Adams. The original French production will be closely followed, but John W. Alexander, the distinguished American painter, will contribute some original suggestions in the costumes and the *mise en scène*.

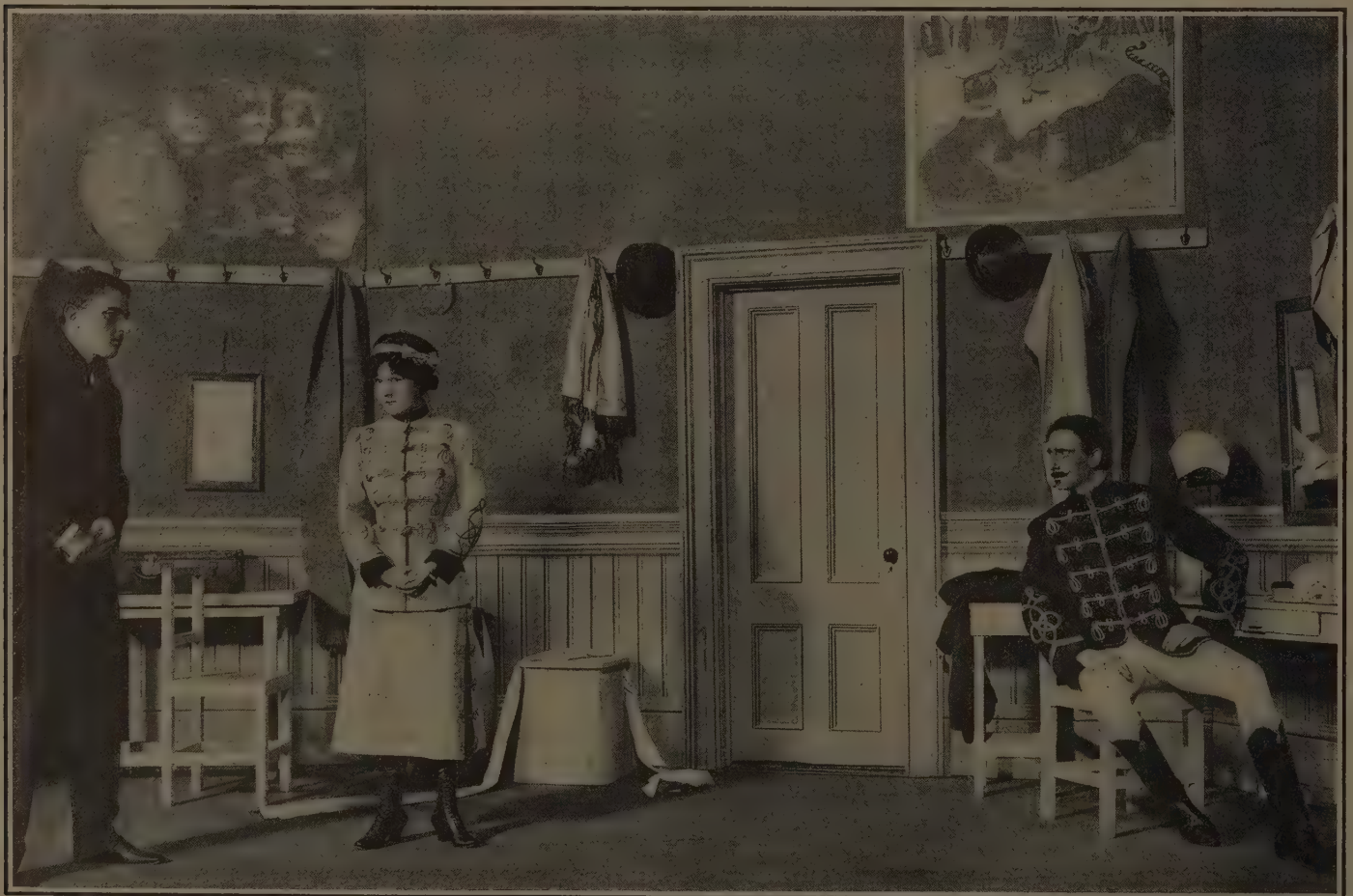
"Smith," the new play by W. Somerset Maugham, which will serve to reintroduce John Drew, had a long and successful run in London. The piece is described as something more ambitious than "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw" and "Mrs. Dot," which have been flowing so fluently from this author's pen. The character to be played by Mr. Drew is that of a man who, after a strenuous life in South Africa, returns to England only to find his illusions shattered. He discovers that all his friends and relations are shams and that the only sincere and earnest one

in the lot is Smith, the parlor maid. The dialogue is said to be bold and witty in its exposure of some of the fads and vanities of the day.

No dramatist of late has proved more successful in fitting the comic personality of W. H. Crane than George Ade. As a successor to "Father and the Boys" the Hoosier humorist has announced that early in November he will have ready a comedy entitled "U. S. Minister Jackson." What some of our representatives abroad are politically and socially will be treated with that keen, satiric touch which made "The Sultan of Sulu" so famous.

David Belasco is one of the few managers who seldom takes the public into his confidence as to the details of a new production. The play which he has just finished for David Warfield is a study in character. It is also probable that this season will see "The Merchant of Venice" presented, with Warfield as Shylock. An interpretation which is certain to be sincere and original will be awaited with no little interest by those concerned in the higher drama. Blanche Bates, another of the Belasco stars, is to have a new medium for the display of her art. This time she will revert from the emotional drama to comedy. Not since the days of "Naughty Anthony" has she figured in this line of work. More Belasco mystery envelopes the story of this play, which is from the pen of Avery Hopwood, whose part in the construction of "Seven Days" would rather presage a rattling funny comedy. It will be called "Nobody's Widow."

Henry Bataille, as one of the foremost of the present generation of French playwrights, came into more than his own when he wrote "Le Scandale." Parisian critics have described this study of a betrayed husband as a work of "penetrating psychology." The part of Fouriol, originally created by Guitry, will fall in its



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A. E. Mathews May Blayney

J. E. Milner

Act II. Mlle. Leonie (May Blayney): "She did not want you! I heard her mention your name"
SCENE IN WINCHELL SMITH'S COMEDY, "LOVE AMONG THE LIONS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE



Copyright Charles Frohman

Clarence Handyside

Elise Clarens

A. E. Mathews

Jane Oaker

Act III. Mr. Sauders (A. E. Mathews): "Let's go to lunch now and see about the lions later"
SCENE IN WINCHELL SMITH'S COMEDY, "LOVE AMONG THE LIONS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

American production to Kyrle Bellew, who should more than duplicate the success he achieved in "The Thief." The play is a genuine masterpiece.

Annie Russell again returns to Charles Frohman's management. He says he has a new play for her and that it is all ready, but no hint is forthcoming of either title or style. This talented actress deserves something good.

So urgent is still the demand for Otis Skinner in "Your Humble Servant" that this popular actor for awhile will continue to enact the part of the rollicking, resourceful soldier. But when a successor is needed, "Sire" will be presented. The latter is from the pen of Henri Lavedan, an academician and a valued writer for the Comédie Française, where this brilliant and solid play of the days of 1848 had a most successful run. The story of the false Louis XVII is the basis of the stirring plot, which combines comedy, drama and tragedy.

The most ambitious offering that Liebler & Co. will make is "Ysobel," a grand opera for which Mascagni has written the score. Bessie Abbott will sing the title rôle, founded on the story of the famous savior of Coventry, Lady Godiva, who discarded her clothing and rode nude through the streets that her country people might be saved. The opera will be produced on a most elaborate scale and the distinguished composer himself, whose last experience in America was not a happy one, will direct the orchestra.

"Mid-Channel" for months will be all that Ethel Barrymore will need, as few cities outside of New York have seen her splendid work in the Pinero play; but there are some novelties in reserve for her, and a little bird hints that perhaps she will take a flyer into the Shakespearian realm.

Another Frohman star, who will not speedily need a change of bill is Billie Burke. She will continue in the Somerset Maugham comedy, "Mrs. Dot," and for a successor will have a new piece by the French authors who wrote "Love Watches."

The New Theatre practically retains all the players it had upon its last year's roster. The only announcement yet is that the opening bill will be Maeterlinck's fairy symbolical play, "The Blue Bird," which had a phenomenal run in London. It is a charming study of two children and their adventures in fairyland, but underneath it all is a vein of philosophical truth and keen observation such as always marks the work of the Belgian Shakespeare. Marguerite Clark will have the principal rôle.

The Shakespearian hope will, as usual, depend chiefly upon E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe and Robert Mantell. The latter is booked to produce "The O'Flynn," by Justin Huntley McCarthy. It was not an overwhelming success in London, where Tree presented it. But a new Richard appears in this field for at least a few flights. Arnold Daly, in addition to his Shaw repertoire, announces that he will don the Prince's moody garb and take a few falls out of "Hamlet." Wagenhals & Kemper promise a revival of "The Tempest." Without making too deep an historical research it may safely be said that "Timon of Athens" has not been presented on the New York boards for half a century. The trying experiences of the famous Greek misanthrope will restore that sterling Shakespearian actor, Frederick B. Ward, to the stage.

That delicious artiste, Marie Tempest, is destined to appear in "A Thief in the Night," an English version of "Le Costaud des Epinettes," by Tristan Bernard and Alfred Athis. The play is of the "Arsène Lupin" order and deals in a highly dramatic manner with the denizens of the underworld.

Fritzi Scheff will be seen this year in an operatic version of our old friend "Trilby." Joseph Herbert has fashioned the libretto from Du Maurier's famous novel and the gifted Victor Herbert will supply the score.

William Gillette will be seen in repertoire and all the plays will be from his own pen, to wit: "Secret Service," "Held

By the Enemy," "Too Much Johnson," "The Private Secretary," "Clarice" and "Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Gillette has also written a new play entitled "Electricity," in which Marie Doro, for several years his leading lady, will star.

James K. Hackett will return to his old love, the cloak and sword drama. Underlined for him are revivals of "The Corsican Brothers," that good old-timer of picturesque and mysterious revenge, and "No Thoroughfare," a dramatization of Wilkie Collins' story in which Charles Dickens had a part. He will play the murderous Swiss, Obenreiger, a rôle made famous by the late W. J. Florence. "The Illustrious O'Hagan," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, will also be on tap.

In addition to her Ibsen repertoire Mme. Nazimova will also be seen in "The Fairy Tale," by Schnitzler, and Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer." The latter piece should present her vivid realism at its best. An American playwright is at work on an original piece for her. Brandon Tynan will continue as her leading man until Christmas, when he will be raised to the rank of a star. Mme. Kalich will be featured in "The Woman of To-day," a study of contemporary manners by Samuel Shipman, and Hedwig Reicher will make a preliminary tour in "On the Eve."

For Hattie Williams Mr. Frohman has picked out one of the big Paris hits, "Le Bois Sacré," which will be Englished under the title, "Decorating Clementine." The actress will have in its performance the valuable aid of G. P. Huntley and Ernest Lawford. A Parisienne writes a novel for which she seeks the Legion of Honor. In her pursuit of the elusive red ribbon she complicates not only her own affairs, but those of others. It is a genuine comedy in both construction and dialogue.

It would seem as if Charles Dillingham had a sure winner in "The Girl on the Train," which will later see the footlights at the Globe with Sallie Fisher in the principal female rôle. The original is called "Die Geschiedene Frau." A young married man gives up his stateroom on a train to an attractive young actress. A blackmailing porter does the rest, and a jealous wife brings suit for divorce. Of course, the outcome is one of reconciliation. It is a huge success at the Vaudeville in London. Harry B. Smith will make the American adaptation.

Founded on an idea similar to that employed by Sir W. S. Gilbert in "The Palace of Truth," W. A. Brady will present Henry E. Dixey in "The Naked Truth," which Charles Hawtrey has been acting with great success in London. It is the joint work of George Paston and W. B. Maxwell. Whoever wears

a certain ring is forced to speak the truth. The complications which grow out of this forced veracity are said to be very amusing.

As the famous Conservative Premier of England, George Arliss will be starred in a play by Louis N. Parker called "Dizzy." It is said to be founded on an incident in Beaconsfield's life. Perhaps it is a dramatization of "Vivian Grey," which book, James

Bryce says, is almost an autobiography.

Tarkington and Wilson are the joint authors of "Mrs. Jim," a fantastic comedy depicting the adventures of a *nouveau riche* and her efforts to break into high society. If there is virtue in the piece it will be brought out, for rollicking May Irwin is scheduled for the titular rôle.

Unless Sam Bernard appeared as his familiar self his audiences wouldn't have him and so this favorite comedian will go on murdering the English tongue, surrounded by the usual assortment of good-looking girls. Jerome & Hirsch will supply the music for him and the dialogue and lyrics will be contributed by Mark Swann, Edgar Smith and Edward Maddern. No title for the piece has yet been selected.

Robert Edeson, after one brief lapse in his devotion to the American drama, will return to that form of entertainment this year. It is called "Where the Trail Divides" and the stellar rôle is an Indian, the adopted son of a rich ranch owner.

How a baby can bring a misogynist to his senses and make him feel his responsibilities to the world at large Francis Wilson will exploit to other than

Metropolitan audiences this season in "A Bachelor's Baby."

Helen Ware, who has jumped rapidly to the front as an emotional actress, will be starred in a new play by Robert Peyton Gibbs and Anna Alice Chapin. It will be called either "The Deserters" or "Between Two Fires."

In analytical detail, psychological introspection and careful workmanship Augustus Thomas is at the zenith of his powers. The announcement, therefore, that before the beginning of the New Year Charles Frohman will produce a new play by him entitled "The Jew" is an indication that a safe, sane and sound study of one of the great racial factors in our national life will be so treated by an author who realizes the great possibilities of dramatic value that lurk in this cosmopolitan world of ours.

Charles Klein will have at least two new plays produced this season. Having exhausted "The Chorus Lady" Rose Stahl turns to him for a new piece. His other play (Continued on page xii)



Laker Art Gallery

CLARA LIPMAN

Now appearing in a new play called "The Marriage of a Star"



White

MAY BUCKLEY

Who will be seen shortly in "The Little Damsel"

The New Plays

GARRICK. "LOVE AMONG THE LIONS." Farcical romance in four acts, by Winchell Smith, founded upon a novel by F. Anstey. Produced August 8 with this cast:

Theodore Sanders.....	A. E. Mathews	Henry	George Spelvin
Prof. Chas. Polkinson...	Ernest Stallard	Attendant	George T. Barber
Archibald Chumley....	Richard Sterling	Lorana De Castro.....	Jane Oaker
Chevalier Niono.....	J. E. Miltern	Mlle. Leonie.....	May Blayney
Rev. Albert Skipworth..	Ernest Cossart	Ruth Rakerberry.....	Elsie Clarens
Hanibal Sawkins....	Clarence Handyside	Mary, maid.....	Amy Sumers
	Mr. Gustave Brinkerhoff..	Ivan Simpson	

Farce is taking on new life and coming back to the stage again. Of the old farces, mainly in one act, constituting a staple of amusement in the period of their vogue, there are literally thousands existent in print. Since they dropped out of use, many of them have been incorporated in comedies of more or less pretension and repute. Theatrical currents are constantly shifting, but there is no immediate probability that the one act farce will again prevail to any great extent. The new farces lack some of the distinctive peculiarities of the old, which had a language of their own. They were farces, first of all, with an infusion of comedy and nature, while the tendency in recent plays of the kind is to have comedy as the basis, with farce as the medium. "Love Among the Lions" is based on an idea that is not more fantastic or improbable than that a wife, as in the recent American farce entitled "Her Husband's Wife," who becomes possessed of the idea that she is soon to die, chooses her successor and thereby summons up a variety of not impossible comical situations in the circumstances. In Mr. Smith's play a romantic girl, reared in seclusion and without practical knowledge of the world, dreams of extraordinary experiences. She is the stepdaughter of a teacher of elocution. Her lover, a stranger to her,

has stood before her window, mute in his admiration. He finally is emboldened to obtain admission to the house, is introduced to the girl, and the love affair is on. In a talk with a friend, a woman who falls in with her views, she announces that while she loves this adorer of hers who has made his sudden apparition, she will not marry him unless he does something that will make him talked about. She wants her pictures in the papers. It is finally agreed upon that the opportunity should be taken to have the marriage ceremony performed in a cage of lions. The lover consents, after much persuasion, misgivings and attempts to evade the conditions imposed. The proprietor of the Bostock Circus is communicated with. The situations are obvious. The idea is exploited to the utmost possibilities, and that it can be played upon through four acts to the entertainment of an audience is proof of considerable skill in the author and the actors. To call it thin is not exactly a disparagement. The art of sincerity in the acting makes it worth the while as a diversion.

Miss Jane Oaker succeeds in making herself a farcical heroine, which would seem to be an impossible task; but she is so earnest in her whim that she is a real person, plus the attractiveness of Jane Oaker. The farce brought us from London a comedian new to our stage in the person of Mr. A. E. Mathews. An American comedian, such a genuine and compelling actor as Nat Goodwin, would have obtained more laughter perhaps by means of exaggeration and personal spirit, but Mr. Mathews, by his quiet methods, was eminently pleasing. It is easy to make the comment that an audience expects even a farcical hero, in the circumstances, to finally assert his bravery and to win the woman after the requirements and specifications of her dream, but the event of the performance proves that this was not necessary. The young lover is a consistent coward. He falls in a dead faint, the curtain falling on top of him, when he hears the lions roar and is called upon to enter the cage. He has locked the door. Sens-



Otto Sarony Co.

JANE OAKER

Appearing as Lorana De Castro in "Love Among the Lions" at the Garrick Theatre

ible man. We are not to be persuaded that the view of Mr. Anstey and of Mr. Mathews is not the natural and proper one. It is also natural that in shaving himself his trembling hand should have caused him to cut himself with the razor and bring blood, making his imminent appearance in the den an almost impossible proposition. The solution of the action is brought about by the fact that the professional lion tamer, seeing the prospective bridegroom's plight and helplessness, secures the license so that he can substitute himself and marry the fantastic girl himself. His associate in the business, who loves him, conceals her features and takes the place of the girl. The actual ceremony among the lions is not seen. The fantastic girl has lost her courage or was prevented from going into the cage, so that the two lovers are on an equal footing for a readjustment of their love affair in the end. Further account of the entertaining, but rather trifling play, is not necessary. It is a kind of thing that must be well acted, and the cast of performers was admirably selected for the purpose. Mr. J. E. Milten was a real and ferocious lion tamer. Mr. Ernest Stallard taught his elocution effectively, with an eye to his fee. Mr. Clarence Handy-side, as the proprietor of the circus, was imposing and business-like. Miss May Blayne, in love with the real lion tamer, proved herself worthy of him and of the encouragement which she received from the audience. The success of "Love Among the Lions" is largely referable to the agreeable personality of the performers.

LYCEUM. "THE BRASS BOTTLE." Romantic comedy in four acts, by F. Anstey. Produced August 11 with this cast:

Horace Ventimore.....Richard Bennett	Mrs. Wackerbath.....Cecilia Radclyffe
Fakrash-el-Amash.....Edwin Stevens	Jessie.....Grace Crowley
Prof. Anthony Futvoye.....Fuller Mellish	Rapkin.....Sebastian Smith
Mrs. Futvoye.....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen	Mrs. Rapkin.....Carrie Perkins
Sylvia Futvoye.....Irene Fenwick	A Dancing Girl.....Adelaide Orton
Spencer Pringle.....Ivo Dawson	Chief, Head Efreet.....Arthur P. Hyman
Samuel Wackerbath.....Louis Massen	A Waiter.....Harry Lang



MLLE. ADELINE GENEÉ AS A BRIDE

This famous Danish dancer was married in London recently to Frank Isitt, Esq. It is announced that she will not retire from the stage, but will return to America this season in a new play.

Richard Bennett is a good actor. He proved his worth by his splendid performance of John Shand in "What Every Woman Knows." It therefore almost seems that Charles Frohman, out of that marvelously extensive lot of plays which he owns, might have picked out something for his stellar tour better adapted to his art and style and more interesting in subject matter than "The Brass Bottle," which F. Anstey dramatized from his book of the same name. "The Brass Bottle" is a very commonplace farce relieved solely by the Oriental atmosphere introduced and mechanical tricks which were not very happily effected on the opening night. Horace Ventimore attends an auction sale and buys an antique vase. Uncorking it, there emerges therefrom Fakrash-el-Amash, the Genii of the Jinn. So grateful is he for his release that he overpowers Ventimore with the lavishness of his gifts. He changes his modest chambers into a palace, builds houses over night for Horace's clients—Ventimore is an architect—and transforms Horace's prospective relatives into various animals, precipitating a series of complications that are as old as the drama itself. The final solution is that the whole thing was a dream. The dialogue

is hideously conventional and there is an unconscionable quantity of it. It was altogether a very unusual entertainment for grown ups, and its future as a drawing attraction would certainly seem open to question.

Mr. Bennett was not at his best. It was a careful performance which he gave of the much perplexed young man, but it lacked the dash and certainty needed for so thin and tenuous a rôle. Mr. Bennett is an actor, not a farceur. Edwin Stevens as the Jinn was highly picturesque and weird. His diction was clear and effective and much of the little success of the night went to him. Fuller Mellish and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen were wasted on a couple of stereotyped parts and a pretty young (Continued on page xiv)

More Secrets of the Dramatist's Workshop

The secrets of the dramatist's workshop seldom reach the public ear, yet some of them would make highly interesting reading. The road which a play travels, from the time the manuscript is first typed to the moment when the curtain rises on the première, is a troubled one, with both comedy and tragedy, disappointments, vexations, and totally unlooked for changes plentifully sprinkled along the thorny way. During the preliminary negotiations between playwright and manager, it frequently happens that the complications are more numerous, and the situations more harrowing and tense, than any to be found in the play itself. Under the above heading will be told from time to time piquant anecdotes, giving some idea of the tribulations which plays undergo before they finally reach the footlights.

THAT the idea is not always the play may be clearly illustrated by the respective careers of "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree" and "The Next of Kin." Coming home from a trip abroad Charles Klein, the author of these three plays, met a certain United States Senator. Mr. Klein had in his mind the writing of a play which would show the power of money in influencing legislators and controlling the destinies of individuals by the corrupt and cruel use of money. The play would show how private vengeance might be carried to almost any extent by an influential and unscrupulous billionaire. His proposition to the Senator was, what the United States Senate would do with a suppositious case and here he outlined to the Senator the original story of "The Lion and the Mouse." The Senator told Mr. Klein that the charges against a United States judge would have to be supported by irrefutable testimony before any recognition would be given by the Senate. Also that a certain amount of publicity would be necessary before the Senate would take notice; in other words, public opinion would have to demand an investigation. Also that if there was the least suspicion that there was a cabal hatched by a trust magnate to satisfy personal revenge, the Senate would ignore the charges.

All of these facts were difficult to establish in a play and so Mr. Klein jumped his hurdles and ignored all of them. But here the clever dramatist element helped him to his huge success. The posture of events in the heart of this play showed that a daughter, returning from abroad and unacquainted with the facts, finds that during her absence her father is facing articles of impeachment before the Senate. Upon learning the situation she flies to the rescue of her father, the accused judge in the case, and eventually saves him. But this was not the germ idea, which was to prove the power of money in the United States Senate, and it took a great deal of revising to minimize this and subordinate it to the heart story.

The first visual evidence of this famous play was five sheets of typewritten paper handed to Daniel Frohman and embodying the proposition. Mr. Frohman gave Mr. Klein an order to write the play and an advance of \$500, and Mr. Klein set to work. In the spring it was finished and Mr. Frohman took it abroad to read. Mr. Klein followed shortly afterwards. Dramatist and

manager met in London. Here Mr. Klein learned to his chagrin that Mr. Frohman did not like his play at all, and among other statements declared it to be the work of a novice. This was the last straw. Mr. Klein handed back to Mr. Frohman the \$500 and received back his play without a lien upon it. One sees how easily a manager of such extended experience may be guilty of a fatal error of judgment. Mr. Klein returned in August, depressed but not dismayed. The first manager whom he met upon his arrival home refused even to look at the MS., would not allow Klein even to talk about it, mainly because he had never been able to see

Klein as a dramatist. And yet while "The Lion and the Mouse" was playing to crowded houses at the Lyceum Theatre, this same manager was producing four successive failures for one star. Finally Klein fell into the hands of a clever agent with boundless enthusiasm for "the goods" and he landed the play with Henry B. Harris, after reading only the second and third acts, the others being in too indifferent shape to read. The play went into rehearsal and the elements in it which induced Mr. Frohman to declare it to be Mr. Klein's novitiate period, made themselves apparent. The more distinguished the dramatist the more unusual things he is sure to do—all kinds. At any rate, as if to support Mr. Frohman's theory, the MS. was somewhat changed. Originally young Ryder burglarized his father's desk. This was softened. The play was full of diatribes against the money power. These were ruthlessly cut. The impossible servant in Act I. threw a real fit in view of the audience. She now has it concealed behind the back flat—and so on, until the original idea of showing up the money power as the axis upon which the play was to turn had practically disappeared and the splendid, appealing idea of a daughter fighting body and soul to save her father alone survived.

Now came a concatenation of circumstances to help the play to its material success. Mr. Charles Frohman imported from London for production at the Lyceum Theatre a play entitled "The Beauty and the Barge," in which Mr. Nat Goodwin was to star. And so sure were they of its success that Mr. Goodwin declined to consider any new play for three years! But this is where the best laid plans of men and mice went a-glee. The London-bred play was such a dire failure that it lasted three weeks instead of a season in New

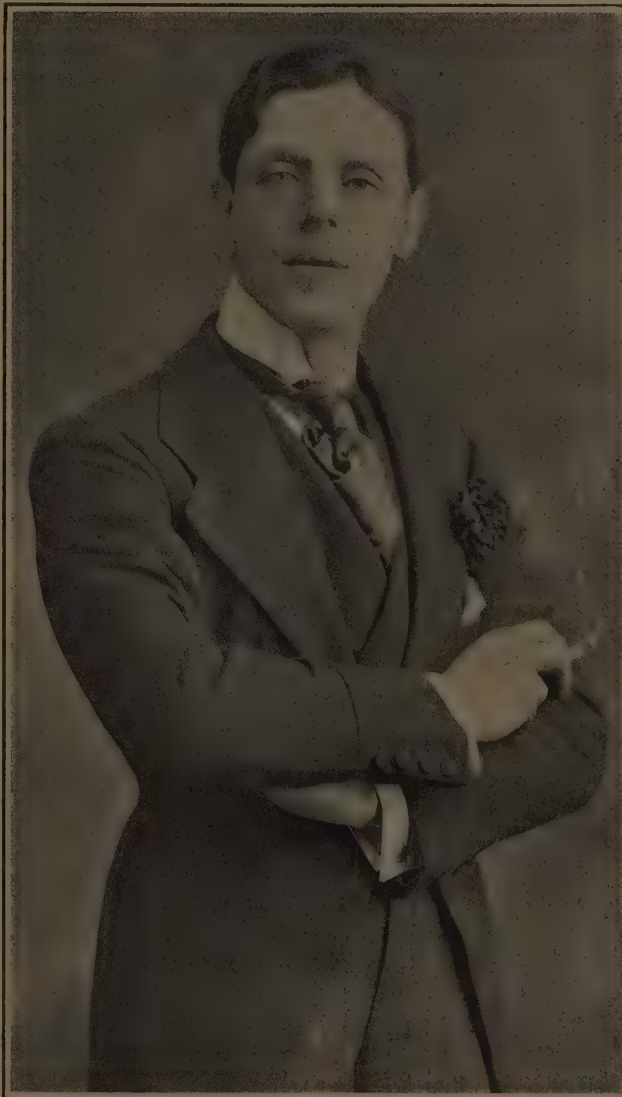


Photo d'Art Femina

FRANCIS DE CROISSET

Author of the successful detective play "Arsene Lupin"

York and so unexpected was the result that the Messrs. Frohman found themselves in sore straits for something to replace "The Beauty and the Barge" which had turned out *caviar* to the American public, being neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring. Just at this psychological moment Henry B. Harris was producing "The Lion and the Mouse" in Middletown, Conn. And as Daniel Frohman had once turned down this same play he naturally had a great curiosity to see what the other fellows had done with it, and up he went to Middletown to see the first performance.

Of course the Harris and Klein contingent had not been backward in telling Mr. Frohman what the play promised, just by way of a gentle rubbing it in. Once assembled about the red hot stove in the country hotel the company began to predict the fate of the impending production and no matter which way it turns, success or failure, individually or collectively, the actor will always be ready with "I told you so" or "I called the turn on that at the first rehearsal." The actor by trade is both an optimist and a pessimist. This frame of mind as to the Middletown public was strictly akin to that entertained by another company about to try out a new play on a "dogtown." These "trouper" arrived at their destination at midnight. Is there any citified person who does not know the awful chill of a country town at this hour in mid-Winter? Is there anything so utterly tomb-like? As this company of stage tourists rolled over the frozen street in the creaky, lumbering bus, the heavy man, who off the stage was their principal comedian, looked about and gaining confidence as he spoke, exclaimed with a chuckle: "I do not think we need be scared here!"

This exactly expresses the mental attitude of "The Lion and the Mouse" company before the curtain rolled up upon this historic play for its first performance. But with Mr. Frohman it was different. As he had read the play, he knew all the characters, so sat silent and smoking, sizing up the company selected by his competing and younger managerial rival. In particular his attention was riveted upon Mr. Edmund Breese, who was to create and did give himself a national reputation in the part. Now Breese's personality did not at all appeal to Mr. Frohman. As he had selected in his mind's eye an entirely different type of actor, he said to himself: "This is going to be a funny performance."

One must admit that this was a dramatic situation with possibilities. But afterwards Mr. Frohman was frank enough to accord Mr. Breese full credit for his fine performance. Edmund Kean, from all accounts the greatest actor that has ever lived,



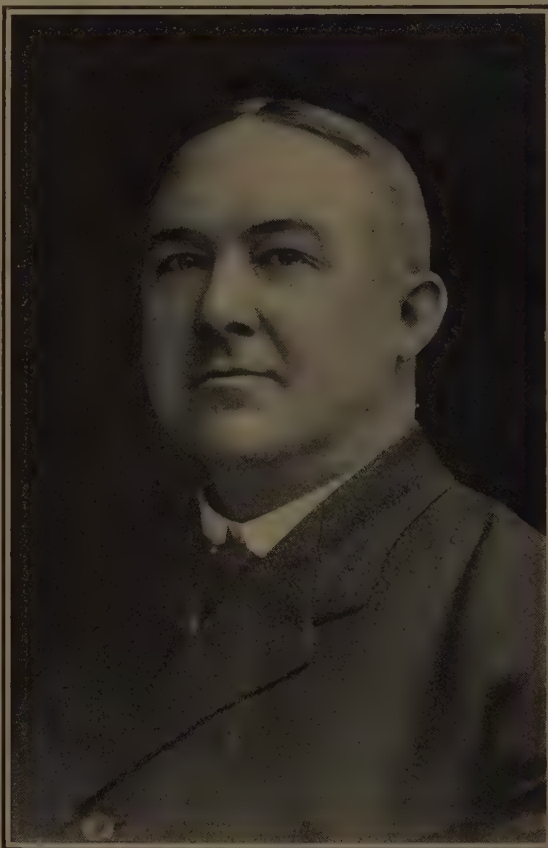
Hill

FRANCES CARNWRIGHT

Last season played the title rôle in "The Dollar Princess" in London. Will be seen this season in a New York production

was off stage a dirty, little bow-legged man, but when he was on the stage he filled every nook and cranny of it. Personalities therefore are often deceptive. The first performance came off and after it was over all hands gathered about the same red hot stove and asked each other, "What did we get?" Opinions differed. In private, however, one of the managers took Klein aside and confided to him "You must face the music. We have a failure on our hands!" The following night the company was booked for New Haven, but as the proscenium arch of the theatre there threatened to collapse, the date was cancelled, and the management resolved to give a second performance in Middletown in order to work out changes which the first performance had shown to be necessary. And then a wonderful thing happened. Beyond a bare announcement in the local paper, no advertising had been done, yet to the boundless astonishment of all concerned, the house was packed to the doors and the enthusiasm and applause only limited by the endurance of the audience. Then and then only did it begin to dawn upon author, manager and company what they had. Mr. Frohman booked the play at once for the Lyceum Theatre. After this, its career is a matter of common knowledge. Incidentally its profits have purchased two theatres in New York for the Harris family, and made the author a rich man. It also made Mr. Breese and Miss Grace Elliston, the originals of John Ryder and Shirley Rossmore.

Of course after the colossal success of "The Lion and the Mouse" all that Mr. Klein had to do was to pick his managers and among them were Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, who ordered any play Mr. Klein was willing to write within the next two years and paid him several times the royalty advance that he had received from Mr. Frohman. At the end of two years Mr. Klein had finished three acts of the play now known as "The Third Degree." In this play Mr. Klein has rung the changes upon his original idea of a weak woman fighting a combination of men and winning her fight. The posture of events showed a wife in a body and soul fight, not this time for an accused father and judge, but for a worthless husband about to be placed on trial for his life. The psychology in this play was inspired by a magazine article by Prof. Munster, of Harvard University, upon the practice of forcing a confession from a person under arrest for a crime. It was that a weak mind might be obsessed and so played upon by a stronger one, that the weaker vessel would mechanically and unconsciously confess or compose a train of thought which, when freed from the baneful influence, would at once be



JOHN CORT, PROMINENT IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD

Although generally known as a Westerner, Mr. Cort spent most of his early days in New York. He now controls something like 170 theatres in the great Northwest. In the Southwest he controls the majority of the theatres from San Francisco to Deming, New Mexico. In the Middle West he holds large interests in theatres in Iowa and Illinois. Mr. Cort is president of the new Authors' Producing Company

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Photo Bangs

BLANCHE BATES WHO WILL BE SEEN SHORTLY IN A NEW PLAY

repudiated. This is finished up in Act I, and Mr. Klein then proceeds with his stirring fight by the wife to free her husband. And a great fight it is.

When Mr. Klein read his play, he had as audience Mr. Erlanger, Mr. Klaw, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Sam Harris. All hands watched "Boss" Erlanger. If he smiled, they did; if he scowled and hemmed and hawed, ditto. The individual opinion was centered in Mr. Erlanger, and at the close of the reading the play had fallen flat with this managerial audience. Then Mr. Klein went to Washington on copyright business for the American Dramatists Club, and a lurid exchange of telegrams followed. But all to no purpose, except that a final decision would be given when the

fourth act was written. Naturally, Mr. Klein was much discouraged and the copyright discussion before the Joint Patents Committee of Congress served as an agreeable stimulant and gradually his spirits revived. Upon his return to New York matters remained in abeyance until one afternoon at luncheon Mr. William Harris met Mr. Erlanger.

"I'll take over your Klein contract," said Harris.

"You can have it for a thousand advance!"

"I'll give you five hundred."

"You are on," said Erlanger.

When the play was produced, while in the nature of things it could not duplicate "The Lion and the Mouse" success, yet



Otto Sarony Co.

ELSIE RYAN

Recently seen in "The Belle of Brittany" at Daly's Theatre

Miss Helen Ware as Annie Jeffreys was just as great a sensation. What that quartette of managers could not see was the psychic element in Act I.

After two astute managerial firms like Daniel Frohman and Klaw & Erlanger had turned down two of the biggest successes ever written for the American stage and by the same author, Mr. Klein can sell any old thing he writes. All the managers are afraid to miss anything from his pen.

But when "The Next of Kin" came along, it was shown that there was a limit to this theory. Mr. Klein having exploited daughter for father and wife for husband, now attempted a single woman fighting for her liberty. But the dramatist had lost the thread and

the play failed. One amusing feature of this production was the galaxy of eminent critics invited by Mr. Klein to Atlantic City to witness the first performance. These included a prominent journalist who is also a dramatist, a brother author highly esteemed as a stage manager, a shrewd and energetic agent and several others. All returned to town, their palms extended outward, their eyes rolling heavenward, lost in a sort of blissful admiration of the play. The manager's point of view was qualified by this statement: "There is something the matter with the fourth act. Nevertheless, it's another big play and that's the answer." No one seemed to understand that when there is something the matter with a fourth act it is because the other three are on crutches.





Photo Moffett

RICHARD BENNETT NOW APPEARING IN "THE BRASS BOTTLE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Some Theatrical Memories of Other Days

DURING the working day, when the interiors of theatres are in gloomy contrast with the brilliance of the night before, there is no glamor in the theatrical manager's life. He is a maker of contracts, a director of dry detail, a business man. But when night comes, and lights are blazing before the play-houses, and the crowds are surging in, the manager becomes another personage. With his cares hidden behind an impressive front of evening dress, he is less a man of business than the embodiment of a smiling welcome to an alluring atmosphere of art. Looking back over a long vista of days and nights at the theatre, I can see many interesting men and women in many parts. One of the first that occurs to me appeared in a little impromptu comedy of his own composition, for my especial benefit.

He was a small rosy-faced man, who wore a carefully kept moustache and goatee, and extremely tight trousers. His gray hair, I remember, was brushed forward in front of his ears. He approached me at an office in Chickering's piano store, on Broadway near Bleeker Street, where I, a boy in my teens, was selling tickets for the much-advertised readings which Charles Dickens, who was then honoring this country with his second and last visit, was giving in New York.

"How is the sale of seats for the Dickens readings going?" inquired the dressy little man.

"Very well indeed," I answered, reaching for my bunch of tickets.

"Does Dickens seem to be taking in New York?" he then asked.

"Does he seem to be taking?" I exclaimed. "Well, I should say so! He's great! He hits off his characters to the very life. The people are falling over each other to get in. If you haven't heard him yet, you want to right away. I've only a few tickets left for this week. How many will you have?"

The man waved aside the tickets, which I was holding enticingly before him, and remarked with a smile: "Oh, I won't want any tickets. I wouldn't take 'em if you'd give them to me. I happened to be passing, and just thought I'd drop in to inquire about this man Dickens. I suspect, sir, that your enthusiasm for him is merely in the way of business. I'll warrant you that, for all your praise, you've never laid eyes on the great man."

I turned red, and confessed that such was the demand for seats that I hadn't been able to get free tickets, and that their price was beyond my pocket-book.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "It's a shame that you should miss this treat. Here, take these, so that in the future you won't have to speak from mere hearsay about so important a matter. Yes, take them. I don't want them; I've heard Dickens—heard too much of him."

He had extracted from his wallet seven tickets, which he passed over to me. The clerks at surrounding offices had stopped work and were eyeing us with grins, but I did not suspect the reason until my friend had gone and Mr. Chickering came over to me.

"Don't you know who that was?" he said. "Why, that was Charles Dickens himself!"

That night my mother, my brother and I, together with some friends, went to hear Dickens. I leaned forward eagerly as I saw the man with whom I had talked in the store come out and make his bow, amid a great burst of applause. Now that his hat was off, I noticed little curls on his forehead. His hair above his ears was still brushed forward, his trousers were still

By James W. Morrissey

tight, and he wore a big "buttonhole bouquet."

He impressed me as being a dapper man who thought a good deal about his personal appearance. But for all the care he evidently lavished on his appearance, it did not come up to the expectations of the audience. After the applause had subsided and Dickens had taken his seat at a red desk with two lamps shining down on it, and had begun *Marley was dead* in a dry, husky voice, I remember that a murmur of disappointment ran through the house,

But suddenly we had forgotten Dickens. We were all hushed, intent upon watching and listening to old Scrooge and Bob Cratchett there in the dingy counting-room on Christmas Eve, and a little later to Tiny Tim and the rest of the company at that merry Christmas dinner. In the course of the evening Mr. Pickwick strutted into view, and we beheld Sam Weller and his friends. Long-legged Dick Swiveller came upon the scene, and with the Brasses away went down into the regions below stairs, where he regaled with meat on the end of a fork the hungry and shrinking Marchioness.

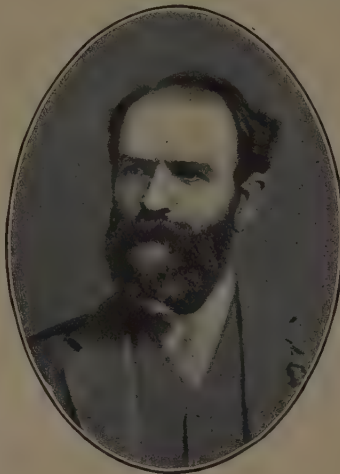
Every time one of these familiar characters was introduced there was a round of applause, as if for a living being. We had forgotten Dickens for his people, and the reason was that he was injecting his own great vitality into them. They were all alive to him, and so they were to us. The truth was that Dickens was displaying remarkable ability as an actor.

In those days the wealth and fashion of New York were wont to go to the photographic studio of Thomas Faris, on Broadway near

Eighth Street, to have their portraits made on porcelain, a process which Faris had introduced from Berlin, and which had become a fad. I had recently been graduated, after three years' service at the studio as general utility boy.

Among the crowd that came and went at the studio was little Teresa Carreno, now no longer little Teresa, but the woman who has achieved world-wide fame as a pianist. Her father, the President of a South American republic, had sent her to New York for the development of the musical talent which she had already shown in remarkable degree. She was about twelve then—a child with a smooth, dark skin, a wealth of hair, and big eyes full of dreams. I recollect how beautiful I thought she was as she sat perched demurely in a chair to have her picture taken. Adelaide Ristori, the Italian actress and perhaps the greatest tragedienne of that time, also made a great impression on me. Tall and commanding, with a majestic carriage, she swept through the studio as Queen Elizabeth might have done. I looked down on her one night from the gallery of the Théâtre Français, now the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where she was playing her first engagement in this country.

On one of these occasions I happened to meet young Maurice Grau. This chance meeting was a turning point for me. In my eyes he was already an important person, because he was the nephew of Jacob Grau, manager of the Théâtre Français. He spent a good deal of time at the theatre, and after this freshening of old acquaintance I ventured to call on him there, getting past the doorkeeper without a ticket, a consummation that I had figured on. My social visits to the Théâtre Français became frequent. I couldn't keep away. The atmosphere of the playhouse, the lights, the crowd, the music and the acting of Ristori, whose deep voice was like a tolling bell, fascinated me.



JAY GOULD



MME. PAREPA-ROSA



CHRISTINE NILSSON



Photo Moffett

BESSIE MCCOY WHO IS PLAYING THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE ECHO" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

"Here, you boys, see what you can do at selling these books!"

It was the heavy, Teutonic voice of old Jacob Grau, who had evidently decided that Maurice and I might as well be useful. We took the books, which contained the English translation of the Italian play that was on the bill, and entered zealously upon the work of selling them, keeping five of the twenty-five cents we received for each. Thus Maurice Grau and I began our dramatic careers in the same way, on the same night.

We sold books regularly after that, but in a little while Maurice, who, as I have said, was a bright boy, was made ticket-seller in the box-office. One night he did not appear, and his uncle, who was in a fine German frenzy because there was no one to sell the tickets and it was time to open the doors, saw me getting ready for my humble task with the books. "Here, you, Jimmy," he cried, "get you into the box-office, quick!"

Now I had always stood somewhat in awe of the cold-eyed, wise-looking men who presided in box-offices, and was frightened at the prospect of trying to fulfil such important duties.

"But, Mr. Grau—" I began.

"I want no 'buts,' Morrissey," he interrupted sharply. "I want a ticket-seller."

"But I've had no experience, Mr. Grau."

"Dond speag to me of experience!" he cried, growing more German in his excitement. "You'll ged all of that you want to-nide. Must we stand here arguing when the people are waiting with their money at the door?"

So I took my place in the high chair behind the window and waited for the onslaught. It came in a moment, the play being a popular one. The doors were swung open, and there was a rush for the window. I served the first man quickly enough, and then the next. In a quarter of an hour I was getting the swing of the thing, and a little later I half smiled as I felt myself already falling into the impassive, automatic box-office manner.

But it was exciting work. That line seemed never-ending. Finally, however, my ears caught the sliding sound of the rising curtain, and I had to deal with only a few belated stragglers. At last I leaned back in my chair with a sense of great relief. My neck behind was tired, but I didn't mind then, because I had a feeling that now I was a theatrical man for certain.

I had only one worry then: the counting up. I wondered how many times in my haste I had given too much change. When Mr. Grau came for the money, and they began to count it, I be-

came anxious. It seemed to me that it took them a long time to count that money. Suddenly the manager came up behind me.

"You did all right, Jimmy, poy. There's pretty near tree tott-sand dollar in the house, and you got it all. In fact, you toog in tree too much."

It was a proud night for me. I sold tickets for a week, when Maurice came back.

This was the way I gained the bit of experience that led soon afterward to my selling tickets for the Dickens readings, and then at Pike's Opera House, now the Grand Opera House, on Eighth Avenue, near Twenty-third Street, New York City. Shortly after I began there as a full-fledged treasurer, the theatre and its contracts for attractions passed into the hands of the Erie Railroad, under the management of Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr. Gould and Fisk established their offices on the second floor, gave the house its present name, and became active theatrical managers.

Mr. Gould was wont to station himself in the theatre foyer at night, surveying the brilliant throng as it streamed in, bowing to acquaintances, occasionally scribbling an order for a box or orchestra chairs, and watching the business always. Frequently his small figure would be hidden in the crowd during the busy moments just before the raising of the curtain,



Mishkin

IDA CONQUEST

Lately seen as Asta Allmers in "Little Eyolf" at the Nazimova Theatre

but we would be certain that nothing was escaping those luminous eyes beneath the impressive expanse of forehead. We marvelled at his attention to small details at the theatre, knowing that he was navigating a stormy sea of railroad manipulation, and that his mind was freighted with big cares.

There was an artistic and imaginative side to Jay Gould's nature. It was his fondness for music and drama and the atmosphere of the theatre that caused him to virtually take up his abode in the Grand Opera House. It was his appreciation of painting that caused him to employ Giovanni Garibaldi, the famous mural artist, to lavishly decorate a large reception-room and combined council-chamber and banquet-hall on the floor above the theatre auditorium. It was his liking for the creature comforts that caused him to have these apartments most luxuriously furnished, and to install Ferdinand, one of the best chefs in New York, in a specially equipped kitchen in the building. With these facilities for entertainment he delighted in giving suppers in the banquet-hall after the opera.

One of these suppers I shall never forget, because, in the first



Photo Moffett

MARGUERITE CLARKE

Who will be seen as Tytyl in Maeterlinck's fantastic spectacular play "The Blue Bird" which will be presented shortly at the New Theatre



GERTRUDE QUINLAN

Appearing in "Miss Patsy" which will shortly be seen in New York

place, it caused cold perspiration of anxiety to stand out on my young brow, and because, secondly, it turned out to be an ideal function of its kind. The opera that night was "La Périchole," and in the leading rôle was Mlle. Aimée, the queen of opera bouffe. The operatic season in New York that year was a brilliant one. Christine Nilsson was at the Academy of Music, and Mme. Parepa-Rosa was turning them away from the Stadt Theatre on the Bowery. By a coincidence neither was singing on this particular night, and each had come, with a large party, to hear Mlle. Aimée.

"Mr. Morrissey," said Mr. Gould, "I understand that Nilsson and Parepa-Rosa are honoring us to-night. How many are there in their parties?"

"About fifteen in both," I answered. "They're in opposite boxes, and a little while ago I noticed that the prima donnas were regarding each other rather coldly."

"We can't permit that in this temple of peaceful art," laughed Mr. Gould. "I intend to make these ladies friends. The fact is, I'm going to give Ferdinand orders to get them up a supper. Invite them and their parties in my name."

In the slang of to-day, I saw that it was "up to me." I knew well enough that famous prima donnas were in the habit of standing on their dignity, and were extremely likely to look askance at an offhand invitation from a man whom they have never met. There was also the complication of professional jealousy.

I had no idea of how to go about the task, but, like the good general who surveys the field before an engagement, I went into the auditorium to take a look at the enemy. They made a resplendent picture, but to me a formidable one. I stood behind the orchestra chairs, much perplexed, when suddenly in the crowd of modish men and women in Nilsson's box, I discerned a familiar face. "Tom Doremus!" I exclaimed exultingly to myself. It took me not more than fifteen seconds to explain.

"I'd like to help you," he said. "By Jove, I will!"

My spirits went up like a rocket. I was keen now for corraling Parepa-Rosa and her party, and scanned her box eagerly for a friend. It did not surprise me much when I saw one, for I knew most of the young men who frequented the theatres. I sent my card to Harry Harper, of the famous publishing house.

"I'm afraid it can't be done this evening, Jimmie," he told me.

"I want you to tell Parepa-Rosa," I broke in quickly, "that Mlle. Aimée would feel much honored if she could be presented to the great prima donna, whom she has long fervently admired, in the greenroom immediately after the opera. Madam will consent to this, I'm sure. Leave the rest to me."

I got both parties into the green-room: Nilsson and Parepa-Rosa bowed politely to each other, and Aimée, with the intoxication of her own singing still upon her, was all gaiety and sparkle. There was much chatter, many compliments—a mutual admiration party—until when there was a little lull I raised my voice:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I think it will interest you to take a glimpse into the offices from which the operation of a great railroad system is directed. I'm going to ask you to follow me up-stairs."

We had the rooms brilliantly lighted. Our guests stopped at the entrance of the reception-room with exclamations of delight and astonishment that there were in existence business offices as palatial as these. As we were sauntering slowly over the rich, soft carpet inspecting the paintings, Gould, Fisk, Oakley Hall, then Mayor of the city, William M. Tweed and two or three others appeared. I performed the introductions, and as I did so I was gently leading the big party toward some heavy curtains. Suddenly at a wave of my hand waiters on the lookout on the other side drew aside the draperies, revealing a long table, glistening with silverware and cut glass, while on the walls the nymphs, cherubs and angels of Garibaldi looked down.

"A little surprise planned for our distinguished guests by Mr. Gould," I cried.

By this time they were not loath to take supper with us. In great good humor, with no thought of precedent or jealousy, our friends found places and the supper began.

In a little while Brignoli, the tenor of the Nilsson company, who had been pianist to the King of Italy before he won fame as a singer, went to the grand piano and sang us some ballads to his own accompaniment. Then Parepa-Rosa, accompanied on the piano by Brignoli, sang with all the dramatic unction that had brought her wild applause on gala nights at the opera. She had apparently entirely forgotten that she had been weary. She was followed by Christine Nilsson, with some of the best songs from her operas. She was wonderful that night. For just this little company she sang as well, or even better, I think, than she was wont to do for enthusiastic thousands. Her remarkable voice, clear as a bell, yet full of color and feeling, thrilled us, brought moisture to our eyes. Now and then I would glance at Mr. Gould. His eyes were glowing. I believe it was one of the rare occasions when he really forgot his burdens and was happy.



W. J. HURLBUT
Author of "The Fight-
ing Hope"

EDWARD SHELDON
Author of "Salvation
Nell"

A. E. THOMAS
Author of "Her Hus-
band's Wife"

J. E. GOODMAN
Author of "The Man
Who Stood Still"

P. E. BROWNE
Author of "A Fool There
Was"

T. BUCHANAN
Author of "A Woman's
Way"

New Dramatists Who Have Captured Broadway

THE past two theatrical seasons have been chiefly remarkable for the surprising number of new and successful dramatists who have suddenly come to the front from nowhere, so to speak. Half a dozen able young writers have unexpectedly loomed on the dramatic horizon to become famous overnight, and perhaps the most astonishing thing is that the newcomers are actually young. Usually one discovers that the "young" author, composer, painter or sculptor, who has "arrived," is the possessor of gray hair, care-furrowed brow and an embittered soul. But the seven playwrights who have recently brought their dreams to Broadway, and profitably sold them there, have none of these things. By the simple mathematical, sociological and psychological process of rolling the seven men into one, and not dividing the result by seven, one is brought face to face with a most engaging composite young gentleman, who might be described in a passport about as follows: "Nationality, American; Age, 30 years; Height, 5 feet 10 inches; Weight, 165 pounds; Features, regular, clean shaven." In the column headed "Remarks" might be written: "Said citizen is noticeably quiet in demeanor and dress, and has the general appearance of a prosperous professional man." Beyond that, this composite young gentleman is clear of head, clean of speech, serious of purpose, well educated, totally devoid of pose—and totally devoid, also, of every one of those attributes that go to make up the traditional playwright type of the Rialto. He is altogether so fine a fellow that the sight of him almost causes one to dismiss one's long cherished forebodings over "what the American stage is coming to."

The majority of American playgoers have become familiar, through the mediums of theatre programmes and billboards, with the names of Porter Emerson Browne, Thompson Buchanan, Jules Eckert Goodman, Avery Hopwood, William J. Hurlbut, Edward Sheldon and A. E. Thomas. First-nighters in New York have even seen the men themselves, during that century-long, gulpy moment when "the author" has stood before the curtain to explain that the success of the play is due entirely to the star, the manager, the supporting company and the stage hands. And those who have witnessed the plays with their minds as well as with their eyes naturally feel that they have measured the capabilities of the seven young men with fair accuracy. As a matter of fact, it is no more fair to

judge a dramatist's capacity by his first produced play than to judge his personality by the embarrassed figure that appears before the curtain. The first produced play almost invariably shows the dramatist at his worst; for the very simple reason that in order to get a production at all he must be conventional to the exact shade of the conventionality that the producing manager happens to think is most popular at the moment. It was years before the late Clyde Fitch was allowed to express his own ideas in his own way on the stage, and tradition says that David Belasco had many a hard fight with managers, stage-managers and stars, in his early playwriting days, to save the individuality and strength of his dramas. The producing manager dares not risk introducing a new dramatist and a strikingly new idea at one and the same time—and from a business point of view his temerity is justified. The seven dramatists under consideration have gained; each by

the production of at least one success, the opportunity to express, to a certain degree, their original ideas, and to attempt to realize their ideals. And inasmuch as their dreams of to-day will be our plays of to-morrow the personalities of the successful seven should indicate not inaccurately the trend of the native American drama.

Porter Emerson Browne, the author of "A Fool There Was" and "The Spendthrift," is in the very early thirties—a muscular, healthy, genial man, who "works while he works and plays while he plays," and gets as much enjoyment out of one as the other. Leaving his native city, Boston, a dozen years ago, he wandered through the West and South, and to England and the Continent, doing free-lance newspaper work. For a time he was a dramatic critic in New York. Then he turned to writing humorous fiction for the magazines, and was very successful

in that field. And then, less than two years ago, Mr. Browne came forward as a playwright with "A Fool There Was"—produced by Frederic Thompson. This was a case, apparently, of a story-writer casually turning to the drama, with no particular preparation or effort. The fact is, however, that Mr. Browne had done his share of 'prentice work in dramatic writing, and instead of being a trespasser in the field of others he was merely coming into his own. "The Spendthrift," produced last season, disclosed much more of the dramatist's individuality, purpose and method than did his first play. He is, it appears, a good bit of

MISCAST

Miscast! Unhappy slave of circumstance
Forced by the sordid things of life to play
An uncongenial part.
To nightly strut and thus create for pay
A lifeless creature made of words, perchance—
With naught that speaks the heart!

Miscast! It is at best a thankless task
To bury Comedy in empty tears
And Tragedy in grins;
To stand before thy judges rife with fears
That they, oblivious, will not think to ask
The reason for thy sins.

Miscast! Yet well we know the drama "Life,"
Staged by environment, holds many a slave
In uncongenial rôle,
And yet we fret and fume in human strife
And beat against the bars our Father gave
The bruised wings of the soul!

— LESLIE CURTIS.

a practical sociologist, alive to the big social and political questions of the day; and the task that he has set himself is the reduction to the dramatic form of these vital public problems. His new play, "The Little Mother," which will be produced this autumn by Mr. Thompson, with Mabel Taliaferro in the chief rôle, deals with East Side conditions and incidentally with the work there of organized charity. Later on will come a more ambitious—inasmuch as the theme is wider and more complex—drama, for which the old play-title "Money" has been appropriated. This title suggests a reference, by the way, to the fact that Mr. Browne has a country place in Connecticut, and a motor car to take him to town when business requires. "A Fool There Was" and "The Spendthrift" have dealt generously by him indeed.

Thompson Buchanan, who has been well and quickly introduced to the public by "A Woman's Way," with Grace George in the stellar part, "The Intruder" and "Lulu's Husbands," is a Southerner, and although he has been several years in New York, there still clings to him a good bit of the gracious atmosphere of his native Louisville. He was educated at the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and after his graduation he became a reporter and dramatic critic in Louisville. The playwriting god—or demon—had already gained possession of his soul, however, and he regarded his newspaper work merely as a means to an end. With a like purpose, to gain a hearing for his plays, he wrote many short stories and two novels. The two novels, "The Castle Comedy" and "Judith Triumphant," published in 1904 and 1905, were very well received, and their success would surely have lured a less devoted lover of the theatre away from the thorny path of playwriting. But Mr. Buchanan used the spoils of his invasion in bookland to lay siege upon the strongholds of the drama. He came to New York well armed

with dramatic manuscripts and with the courage of enthusiasm. William A. Brady lent a listening ear—with the result that "A Woman's Way" was produced in January, 1909—and he is now listening again as Mr. Buchanan relates the story of "The Cub," a new play of the author's native atmosphere, that he will produce this season with Douglas Fairbanks in the principal rôle. This play, it would seem, should be characteristic of the writer, and inasmuch as the hero is a Kentucky newspaper reporter, one may surmise that it is somewhat autobiographical. Mr. Buchanan's prediction is toward comedy. He is possessed of the vision of the true humorist—the slightly oblique vision that catches the glint of humor upon what to other eyes is the dull gray surface of the commonplace. And being a humorist, he is of necessity a thoughtful man, and very near to the heart of humankind.

Jules Eckert Goodman, the author of "The Man Who Stood Still" and "The Test," and whose later play, "Mother," has recently won distinguished success in Chicago, made the longest pilgrimage of any of the seven to the Mecca of American dramatic art. He is a native of Oregon, and passed his youth in and near Portland, where he made his first ventures into journalism.

He was educated, however, in Eastern colleges, graduating from Harvard as Bachelor of Arts, and later taking the degree of Master of Arts at Columbia. For several years after leaving college he was associate editor of *Current Literature*, and he also wrote dramatic criticisms for various magazines and newspapers. His apprenticeship in playwriting lasted for eight years, during the period in which he was actively engaged in magazine work, and before success came to him he had produced the traditional trunk full of play manuscripts. These he destroyed, after he had

gained a production—fearing, perhaps, that he might be tempted to venture too much hay-making for his share of sunshine. "The Man Who Stood Still," which was produced by Mr. Brady, with Louis Mann in the stellar rôle, in 1908, was followed in the same year by "The Test," in which Blanche Walsh starred. "Mother" was produced in March of the present year, and has not yet been seen in New York. The reports of it are, however, most favorable, indicating that it is not only an interesting play, but also a play of unusually fine technique. Mr. Goodman impresses one as being a master-craftsman, who has retained the enthusiasm of the amateur; and as a scholar who is free from pedantry. His knowledge of dramaturgy has not killed his inspiration. And just as Mr. Buchanan catches the glint of humor on the level surface of commonplace life, Mr. Goodman sees there the intensely dramatic. He knows the world and its men and women, from Portland to Pompeii, but in seeking material for his plays he merely opens the shutters of the house next door. He might be a poet. But instead he elects to be a successful prose-dramatist. Two new plays from his pen are to be produced during the coming season.

Avery Hopwood, of "Clothes" and "Seven Days," might be mistaken for a young lawyer, or perchance even a divinity student, in

any company. His humor—sufficient in quantity and quality to keep New York audiences laughing over "Seven Days" for more than seven months at a stretch—lies hidden under a calm and student-like exterior. He writes of the humorous adventures of a burglar and a cook; and, laying aside his pen, talks earnestly of Greek tragedies and early Christian miracle plays. Mr. Hopwood is a native of Cleveland, and a graduate of Own Arbor. While at college he contributed to newspapers and magazines, and also wrote his first play, "Clothes." After graduating he became a reporter on the *Cleveland Leader*, and while holding that position he placed his play. Before production it was rewritten by the author in collaboration with Channing Pollock. The later play, "Seven Days," produced by Wagenhals & Kemper, is founded upon a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, and discloses to far better advantage than did "Clothes," Mr. Hopwood's individuality of humor and technical method. He possesses an abundant supply of both, and by combining them in the treatment of present-day life in America, he should render much the same service to this generation of playgoers that the late Charles Hoyt rendered to the playgoers of the 'eighties and 'nineties. Mr.



Bangs
IRENE FRANKLIN
Seen as Claribel Clews in "The Summer Widowers" at the Broadway

Hopwood has recently completed a comedy for David Belasco in which Blanche Bates will appear this autumn, and is at work upon a libretto, entitled "My Other Eye," for Marie Cahill.

William J. Hurlbut, who has to his credit "The Fighting Hope" and "The Writing on the Wall"—beside some thirty dramas that he wrote before gaining a production—came to the field of play-writing by the devious road of the art of illustrating. He began the study of that art in his native town, Belvidere, Ill., and coming to New York ten years ago he devoted himself to magazine and book illustration, with considerable success, for three years. Then, by fortunate chance, he came to a sudden realization of the fact that his better talents lay in the direction of the drama. He turned at once, with energy and enthusiasm, to his new medium of artistic expression, finding, undoubtedly, that much of his training in pictorial art was useful to him in the art of the stage. Mr. Hurlbut's search for a listening ear was a long one, but at last Mr. Belasco accepted "The Fighting Hope," and produced it two years ago with Blanche Bates as the star. At once, after the production, the young author was commissioned to write a play for Olga Nethersole. This commission resulted in "The Writing on the Wall," which Miss Nethersole presented last year. While these two plays were serious, Mr. Hurlbut's inclination is rather toward comedy of the higher order—or, more accurately, that combination or commingling of the humorous and the tragic, which is the dominant characteristic of modern life. In one of his new plays, "The Lone Hand," in which Laura Nelson Hall is to appear during the coming season, the heroine, in a comedy spirit, faces tragic situations that would have made the old-time heroine weep and lament the whole evening through.

Edward Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," is the only one of the seven dramatists who came into remarkable success without experience or training in the fields of literature and the drama, and with no experience of life save that which falls to the lot of a wealthy undergraduate at Cambridge. Mr. Sheldon is a Bostonian, and graduated with honors from Harvard in 1908, at the age of twenty-two. He was a member of Professor G. P. Baker's class in the technique of the drama, and it is said that "Salvation Nell" was written as an exercise required in the course of study. The play was accepted by Mrs. Fiske, who, lending to her impersonation of the chief character the utmost of her splendid abilities, and mounting the drama with extraordinary care and expense, played it very successfully through the past two seasons, and is now presenting it on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Sheldon's second play, "The Nigger," was produced last season at the New Theatre.

A. E. Thomas is alphabetically the seventh of the seven young dramatists, and he is also the latest arrival at the goal of success. His comedy, "Her Husband's Wife," produced by Henry Miller last spring, won instant and emphatic approval in New York, and arrangements were immediately made for its presentation in London. Its success came as a pleasant climax to the theatrical season, and introduced, in the most favorable circumstances, a new author capable of writing clean, sane, human comedy of the true "high comedy" order. The gift for this sort of dramatic composition is rare indeed, and he who possesses it should receive, and invariably does receive, a cordial welcome in the theatre. Mr. Thomas is a native of Boston and a graduate of Brown University. He came to New York directly from college, and for fifteen years has been a reporter, rising from "cub" to "star," on various Metropolitan newspapers. His unacted plays, in the making of which he served his apprenticeship, and which one by one went into the grate-fire, numbered fifteen. And Mr. Thomas, with fifteen years of the strain, and turmoil, and disillusionment of newspaper work in New York behind him, and the memory of fifteen plays that never were played, still looks upon the world with optimistic eyes, and sees in human life the elements of high comedy. His pet enthusiasm is toward humanity in comedy—or, better, true comedy. Mr. Thomas's play for the coming season is "The Divorce Fund," which he calls "a solemn farce," and which will be produced by Henry W. Savage. RANDOLPH HARTLEY.



JULIE OPP

This well-known actress will open the season in "The World and His Wife" and later will be seen in a new play



Sarony

MARGARET ILLINGTON

After a brief retirement into private life, this young actress will appear again on the stage this season in a play taken from the French

Copyright Performances

THERE are many, many matters—theatrical and otherwise—about which numerous of us have our doubts; but everyone should be glibly ready with the answer to the query: “When is a ‘public performance’ not a public performance?” For of all habitual evasions of the law none is more ridiculous than the customary “compliance” with copyright rules in Great Britain. Indeed, W. S. Gilbert, in his most topsy-turvy moment, might satirically have evolved the farcical proceedings.

For copyright, a play must be acted in Great Britain before the first performance elsewhere. So an inexpensive company is gathered to memorize the lines and give something like a performance of the piece. Such presentations are given usually of a morning, or an afternoon. But the performance, to be valid, must be open to the public; must be advertised, and tickets must be sold. As neither managers nor authors care for outside observation at such times, these restrictions might appear to be embarrassing. But not at all. Though the theatre is left open to the public, nothing on the outside calls attention to the fact. Half London might pass by the unbarred doors without realizing that they could be present at the actual première of a play destined, perhaps, to be historically historic.

Secondly, the law requires that such performances should be advertised. Still, there are ways and ways. When “The Christian” was to be so acted, Hall Caine saw to it himself that the letter of the law was respected. And no one will deny that Mr. Caine knows all there is to know about the advertising game. Still, while he is skilled in making a name ring round the world, he also, it appears, knows how to present it in large, black letters on a billboard and yet attract no eyes. He had a half-sheet (as the jargon of the theatre calls a poster of a certain size) printed announcing that “The Christian” would be played at a certain theatre; at a certain date; at a certain hour. He even let the type announce that it was by *Hall Caine*—and yet no outsiders saw the première of the play!

This poster Mr. Caine carried into the lobby of the theatre. He alone selected the place to hang it. The space he chose was prominent. Yet when the door to the street stood open—as it did all day and evening; indeed, as it had to to admit the public—it just covered that especial stretch of wall.

But what avails an untelltale theatre front and an advertisement that does not advertise, if the law still demands that tickets must be on sale and sold? Why, simple enough. The manager, or the author, or an interested friend, can purchase seats as easily as an outsider. Indeed, more easily—for he is apprised of the fact that the performance is going to occur. Still, a curious passerby—some passers-by are curious!—might enquire if a matinée were scheduled for that day, or in some other way nose out the entertainment. So prices are raised to guineas—or to pounds, at least. And there are, as perhaps you have observed, times and circumstances when idle curiosity languishes and fades away.

A few years ago a well-known English actor came to the London lodgings of a better-known American novelist in the early morning and routed him from his bed. The former had sat late at the Garrick Club and heard considerable about a play due to be prominently produced the following evening. The plot and characters, general type and “atmosphere,” had been so closely guarded as to arouse suspicion. The actor told what he had heard at the club, adding his own deductions. The author agreed with him that it looked very much as though the drama had been taken from a novel of his own. So they set to work to checkmate the robbery—that is, supposing the new piece should turn out to be a theft. The novelist sat down with two copies of his book, a pair of shears and a pot of paste. With them—and some interlarded dialogue and stage directions penned in ink—he transformed his novel into a comedy with lightning speed.



Vida Whitmore

Emma Carus

Eddie Foy

Eddie Foy in the New Musical Extravaganza, "Up and Down Broadway," at the Casino

In the meantime the actor hustled about among player-friends, and by afternoon a matinée was duly advertised; a few guinea seats were sold; and the pasty play was played.

The only reason why I do not more definitely indicate the novel (produced as a drama in this country in 1902 and, until recently, acted with success) is that the author asked me very especially not to. For, you see, he was on agreeable terms with the dramatist he suspected of having appropriated his work. And when he took his place that evening among the other "first-nighters," he found the play did not resemble his story at all beyond the fact of being revolutionary in theme and South American in scene.

Of all hastily assembled casts I think the record is held by one gathered on the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre, in London, on a bitterly cold night in the winter of 1903. Daniel Frohman's London agent happened that day to have received his home mail, containing New York newspapers. In one of them he read the date of the production, at our Daly's Theatre, of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," as dramatized by Paul M. Potter. Now, at that time Daly's was the home of Daniel Frohman's famous Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, which, by the way—though not then thought of—was destined to end its long career with the last night of this very play.

The announcement reminded Mr. Frohman's agent of something. Indeed, the reminder shocked him. It started him going on the jump. For it prompted him with the fact that he had been ordered to arrange a copyright performance of the play before the New York première—and that the latter was, almost at that moment, under way. For advice he hastened to Charles Frohman. That magnate had several companies—wholly, or in part, American—then appearing in London playhouses. He sent out a hurry call for numerous of these players to assemble on the stage of the Duke of York's after their own performances, and there to act "Notre Dame" with, as Shakespeare would have put it, "all convenient speed."

As soon as the Duke of York's Theatre was emptied of its audience a make-shift advertisement was posted in the lobby. Some money was given to a couple of stage-hands—but not "for keeps." They were ordered to take it right around to the box office and squander it on two orchestra stalls. The summoned players were so tardy in arriving that it was considerably after midnight before the curtain finally was lifted between the draughty stage and the dark, deserted auditorium—and, midst gloominess and chill, the London première of "Notre Dame" effected.

William Gillette, then playing at the Duke of York's in "Sher-



Marceau

LOUISE RANDOLPH

Engaged by David Belasco to support Frances Starr this coming season

lock Holmes," was in the cast; and Edna May and Billie Burke came on to join it after singing in "The School Girl." Thus, then and therefore they made their débuts in serious drama. Miss May was the tearful heroine, Esmeralda; and her first appearance as an emotional actress was her last. Miss Burke undertook a lesser, very minor rôle—Fleur-de-Lys, I think. That, by the way, was the part that Margaret Illington—not then married to Daniel Frohman, and of very little prominence—played at Daly's. Both Miss May and Miss Burke kept their fur coats on. And at the climax the former went heroically to be burned alive—in the cheerless chill of 4 A. M.—carrying a large and "comfy" muff.

Of course, copyright performances rarely are so ridiculous. When the play is of English authorship, such performances are not often necessary. The actual "first night" suffices. But where the piece is to be given previously in America—or, as very rarely, in another land—the case is different. The cost is slight. Under ordinary circumstances a fee of \$75 covers all expenses.

Not infrequently, of course, a London manager wants to see a play acted—or semi-acted—to help him determine whether to produce it regularly or not. That was Cyril Maude's purpose when he arranged a sort of reading of "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket Theatre, of which he then was manager. So why not meet the copyright demands at the same time? I have known of other such performances in which

the rôles were taken by people famed in the world of literature, though foreign quite to stageland; but never one at which the players acted with such fun. Mrs. George Bernard Shaw, for example, has been the actual original of more than one of her husband's heroines. And I am sure I am correct in stating that she never has been on the stage professionally. Indeed, on such occasions, Mr. Shaw himself not infrequently has embodied the heroes of his own invention. In another performance Israel Zangwill played a part, assisted by his son and by his brother, Louis Zangwill. Both Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells have been actors for such a reason, and so has Mrs. Justin O'Connell.

As for the performance of "The Little Minister," the public was informed—as far as the public ever is! Mr. Barrie invited some friends. But if the public was vague about the performance, said friends were not. They saw to it that the author and the manager were aware of their presence. Indeed, it was some days later before either Mr. Barrie or Mr. Maude could be calmed down to see the humor of the situation.

Richard Harding Davis and Arthur Conan Doyle were among

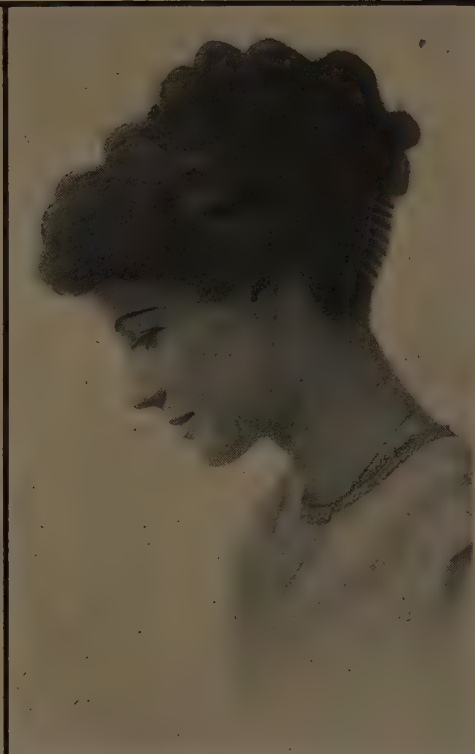




Sarony
MARGARET DALE
Supported W. H. Crane last season in "Father and the Boys"



Moffett
BESSIE WYNNE
Seen recently in Chicago in "Miss Nobody from Stageland"



Sarony
JANET DUNBAR
Played Helen in "The Music Master" with David Warfield last season

the literary friends of Mr. Barrie, who volunteered to fill rôles. Mrs. Barrie was the Lady Babbie. That was proper enough because, as Mary Ansell, Mrs. Barrie was a professional actress when she married the novelist and retired. At the start she played Lady Babbie quite soberly enough to satisfy her husband and Mr. Maude, both seriously intent. But presently she announced that she understood Babbie to be a merry, mischievous and blithesome girl, and that thereafter she would impersonate her as such. She began to dance. Nor did she stop. Every time she spoke a line she supplemented it with a terpsichorean step.

With that Mr. Davis walked down to the footlights. Rather, I should say, he limped. For he came to say that he, too, had his own interpretation of his rôle, and it was that he should be acted

with a limp. Mr. Davis, you see, had injured his foot, and was walking with a cane.

"This part, as I see it," he announced, "is a sort of Uncle Tom." (It happened to be a Scotch elder, but never mind.) "I intend playing it as such. Besides," he wound up, "my negro dialect is far more convincing than my Scotch."

It was at about that point that a voice—an angry voice—thundered down from the gallery. It was typical of the honest, outspoken Englishman. The speaker protested that he had paid good money to see a play, and that he had not got his rights. It was, in fact, another friend of Mr. Barrie's. But at the time Mr. Maude was quite as righteously annoyed as though the protest had been genuine.

VANDERHEYDEN FYLES.

WELL known as G. K. Chesterton is as chronicler and author of clever

G. K. Chesterton's Toy Theatre

books, he is not as yet universally known as a playwright. Some people have hoped that the English critic would eventually take to the drama, and it may be of interest to learn that he is already leaning in this direction as the writer of miniature plays.

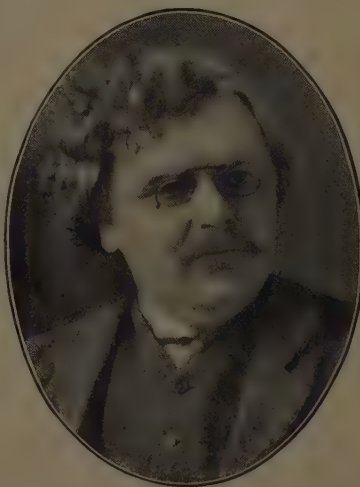
There is nothing that pleases Mr. Chesterton more than a real, good comedy; and that is perhaps the reason why he is so interested in the Houses of Parliament. He will even go so far as to disregard the tragical results in life, provided there is a genuine humor at the back of them. Sometimes he refuses to see anything but sheer, roaring farce, however serious things may appear to be. Still, it is his very sense of humor that often gives him a serious understanding; and that is what so many people cannot fathom in him. Some critics say that he is *not* serious; that he does not always grasp the gravity in a situation; and that his too hearty wit sometimes runs

away with him. Mr. Chesterton chuckles perceptibly over all this; and occasionally, when he wants to have a good laugh all to himself, he just writes an article, explaining why he prefers *his* comedy to *their* tragedy; and furthermore, reminding them that after all one must be a good pessimist before one can become a true optimist.

But the main outlet to Mr. Chesterton's love of comedy is the little Toy Theatre he has built for himself, and upon which he produces funny sketches, also of his own composition, to the great enjoyment of his many friends.

This theatre is remarkable for the simplicity of its construction, being little more than a square piece of wood with two sides and a top; but as true art can always express itself through the medium of the plainest matter, Mr. Chesterton has no difficulty.

His mode of expression takes the form, as I have said before, of small sketches on life, and generally of a political nature. If the House of Commons happen to say anything



G. K. CHESTERTON

particularly droll, Mr. Chesterton runs to his Toy Theatre and reproduces it in humorous style.

First, he draws the characters in a fantastic and symbolic way, exaggerating here and there in order to bring out some striking peculiarity of the person represented. Second, he cuts the figure out in cardboard; and while doing so, he makes ridiculous jokes on some noteworthy feature of the victim he has chosen to portray, which become, in some mysterious manner, absorbed by the cardboard itself: thus giving a true, though grotesque, suggestion of the individual in actual life.

His stage scenery can be best described by saying that it appears, at first sight, to be a curious scrawl on brown paper; but on further investigation it is found to be the work of a very clever artist, who has the power so to mislead one, as to make one believe that it is the exact contrary to what it really is. The scenery is grotesque in the extreme; and the daubs of paint, which appear in the beginning to be unnecessary, are seen in the end to be as essential to the picture as a stage is to a theatre. Nobody could paint scenery like Mr. Chesterton; it is his own special art!

But to leave aside his art, and to come to the ingenious manner in which he has contrived to carry his symbolism to its highest pitch. For instance, he will expect his audience to understand a scene to be bloody and awesome by simply painting a "Penny Dreadful" crimson; and by just touching up the *Daily Mail* with a paint brush, some thrilling imperialism and "for the sake of the Empire" will be implied—which, bye-the-bye, is of the kind that fills the pockets of a few titled tradesmen with hard cash.

Perhaps the most interesting of all are the sarcastic playlets he writes, showing up some blunder Parliament sometimes makes in an attempt to make better laws. To give a fair example of this, there was a little time ago a statement drawn up called "The Minority Report on the Poor Law," which endeavored to alleviate some of the sufferings of the poor by abolishing, amongst other things, the workhouses. Mr. Chesterton, who as a subtle humorist appreciated the eloquent title, but not the scheme, wrote a small play for his Toy Theatre dealing with the subject. The first scene was the outside of a

workhouse, with notices up after the Elizabethan manner, stating that:

"Paupers must not drink beer"
"Paupers must not go on the grass"
"Paupers must not smoke tobacco"

and so on, until the poor paupers were forbidden to do almost everything. The last scene was exactly the same as the first, only the name "Pauper" had been changed into "Workers under treatment"; thus showing that the only difference they might expect

would be a longer and more pompous name in exchange for the other; but to be in precisely the same conditions as before.

It must not be thought that Mr. Chesterton uses his Toy Theatre solely for Parliamentary nonsense: no, he does take a rest occasionally. He gives every year a pantomime to all his young friends, and he has a great many. On these festive occasions, it is Mr. Chesterton's custom to enlighten the minds of the children by using Christmas candles for the stage illumination. Notwithstanding the great care he takes that nothing catches fire, there are frequent mishaps; but, fortunately, sometimes they occur at the right time. To give an amusing example of this, when he was producing a version of "St. George and the Dragon," at the critical moment when St. George was about to attack the Dragon, smoke and fire suddenly streamed out of its mouth, like the fire from "hellmouth" in the miracle plays of old, and before poor St. George could deal it a single blow, it was a mass of burnt paper. While congratulations were being showered on Mr. Chesterton for this new idea of his—of the Dragon perishing by the Hand of Providence before the Noble Saint could kill it, he modestly replied he had nothing at all to do with it; but that one of the candles had set fire to the Dragon, and thus caused the apparent miracle.

It may perhaps interest all those who are concerned in the progress of the drama, to know that Mr. Chesterton does not intend to confine himself only to writing toy plays for a toy theatre; but that he has promised to write large plays for full-sized theatres. Still, when rising to fame as a playwright, he will, no doubt, think of the small object that first attracted him to the Great Art; the object, if one might say, that brought out his dramatic genius. EDMUND GORST.



White

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Now being starred in Hartley Manners' comedy, "The Girl in Waiting"



SCENE FROM AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY STAGED IN BOMBAY BY THE MAHARASHTRA COMPANY

THE theatre in India has passed through many vicissitudes, and even to-day is still in its infancy. About the

time that the English first established their sway over that vast country the Hindus had very crude methods of public entertainment. Under the rigid and puritanic Mohammedan rule which preceded the British all stage performances—of drama and music both—were forbidden. But during the halcyon days of Hindu supremacy the drama began to flourish in the land. Female parts in those days were invariably sustained by women. It was regarded as sacrilegious to behold the face of a male in female attire, and frequently among the eminent *danseuses* could be recognized Hindu princesses. But the times changed. Interest in the theatre as an art ceased and the native stage fell into a degenerate condition. Whenever the people wanted a spectacle they resorted to primitive dramas, resembling the early "mysteries" of Europe. Every Indian village of importance had periodical performances of these pieces with primitive accessories. Female parts were again taken by boys, for women had ceased to appear on the stage.

In the year 1843 the drama as a serious art again came into favor under the patronage of the Rajah of Sangli, in Western India; a troupe of high caste Brahman players was organized. Immediately there was a hue and cry raised by the religious authorities. The Rajah was threatened with excommunication, but he defied the priests, and gave financial and moral support to the players who became known far and wide as the Vishnu Bhane's Company. These players were the pioneers who popularized the drama during the British régime. Henceforth there was no more trouble, and the theatre made great headway. In later years, Prof. Chatre of Deccan College and others organized the Ichalkaranjikar Dramatic Company, which was exclusively composed of educated young men. Prejudices against the actor's calling having disappeared, many new theatrical clubs were formed and several attempts made to rehabilitate the profession.

About this time a theatrical manager, Inamdar, staged a play in which the female parts were taken by dancing girls. This novelty proved a great attraction,

The Drama in India

and soon women began to appear everywhere on the boards of Hindu theatres. Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of the "Light of Asia,"

wrote about these Indian actresses as follows:

"The female parts were very well sustained by Hindu girls, which is in itself a vast innovation, as women used never to figure on the Indian stage. They were trained for the unusual task and discharged it intelligently, mingling dancing and singing with acting."

Then came a period when the repertoire was given up almost exclusively to adaptations of English plays. The striking similarity in features of two actors in the Ichalkaranjikar company suggested the production of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." The play became very popular, and the same company soon staged "Othello," "Cymbeline" and "Hamlet." On the opening night of "Hamlet" an attempt was made to present the play in the proper historical costume. This experiment, however, proved a total failure. The audience, not understanding the costumes, did not take the play seriously, and for the second performance the company had to reappear in Oriental clothes. In these Shakespearian presentations, two actors, Messrs. Deval and Parker, particularly distinguished themselves by their acting. The latter played his rôle of Iago to such perfection that, after the play was over, a lady relative would not allow him to escort her home.

A veteran Maratha writer, Mr. Trilokekar, not long ago conceived the idea of giving grand opera in India. The scheme grew in favor and developed in the hands of such able native composers as Dongre and Kirloskar. The latter was successful in forming an excellent troupe of artistes which soon became famous all over India, receiving patronage from rajahs and chiefs. So popular did it become that men with university degrees and leading lawyers considered it a privilege and an honor to be supers and even act as ushers. Mr. Kirloskar, the composer, became famous. Head priests from places of worship forgot their puritanic prejudices and came to see the performances. A Hindu ecclesiastic, Swami Krishnanand, in his enthusiasm conferred upon Kirloskar the title of "Rasmurti Abhinav." This was an



HERNANI AND DONA SOL
In Victor Hugo's tragedy "Hernani"



SCENE IN AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY STAGED BY THE MAHARASHTRA COMPANY

unique instance of a Hindu actor being publicly commended.

People often run from one extreme to another. After having for centuries banished women from the stage, suddenly it was decided to banish the men. A few good-looking dancing girls from Belgaum combined and organized a theatrical company in which no male actors were permitted to appear. The male characters were sustained by females, and this naturally imparted a ludicrous element to the performances. But this boycott on actors of the sterner sex was sufficient of an innovation in India to draw large houses.

Shakespeare is more popular in India than any other foreign author. "The Winter's Tale" is well liked. "The Taming of the Shrew," staged by the Shahuhagarwasis, never fails to draw crowded audiences. This troupe of actors have devoted themselves to Shakespearian plays. Lady Macbeth, played by Jug, was presented to perfection in the candle scene and elicited applause even from European playgoers. "Saint Inkaram" was the last drama which the company produced. Thousands of working

men came to see the performance. Some of them identified the principal actor playing the rôle of the saint with the real saint and reverentially bowed to him and pressed gifts upon him.

This company brought about a radical change in Hindu drama, doing away with the tiresome prologues of Sutradhara and Vidushaka. Before this reform was instituted the Sutradhara or manager had to recite monotonous and tiresome prologues to the accompaniment of the drum, cymbals and the guitar, in order to invoke the aid of Ganesh, the averter of evil. The manager was assisted in this function by the vidushaka or clown, who had full license to entertain the audience.

At present the Maharashtra Dramatic Company is the best known band of players in India. Under its auspices also Hindu playgoers were for the first time interested in French dramas. Under the rigid play-censorship of the English Government some of the most popular plays of the repertoire have recently been stopped. Plays based on Sheridan's "Pizarro" and Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse" have met with the same fate. H. A. TALCHERKAR.



SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY "MACBETH" AS PRESENTED IN BOMBAY

Henry Irving's False Prophecy of Maeterlinck

SIR HENRY IRVING did not love the American interviewer, but he was a good publicity promoter, knowing the value of the column of gossip in the American newspapers, so for business reasons, he sometimes "consented to be interviewed," when he looked at the barometer in the box office



HENRY IRVING

and found a drop in advance bookings. It was at such a time when there was no clamor to witness the famous Britisher in "Waterloo," "The Lyons Mail," "The Bells," and similar remnants of a once popular repertoire, that a hotel messenger came to my desk bearing a characteristic note from Sir Henry. "I would be glad to see you here to-morrow morning at half past twelve—if convenient to you to call."

Of course the message was not to be taken literally. Sir Henry would not be glad to see me or any other interviewer for American newspapers, although strangely enough, he selected from the same clan two of the most intimate friends of his life, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Bram Stoker. But there is a wide difference between the British journalist and the American newspaper man. Caine and Stoker had written eulogistic notices bordering on hyperbole after witnessing Irving's personation of the melancholy Dane; they said nothing of the heavy grey mane, the leonine countenance and mannerisms. It was all Art with them, so Irving singled them out and referred to them as "meh fren's." Irving was "glad" to see me for other purposes. He wanted a "booster" for the box office and he earned it. It is true that at the beginning of the interview he employed a few shopworn phrases, conveying his opinion of this and that, but he acted as well as he ever acted in his life—for newspaper purposes—pacing the floor like a caged lion, rolling his hands, throwing back his head, and roaring forth his prejudices, beliefs and prophecies.

Then suddenly he stopped, visibly bored because I did not beat a hasty retreat. He knew that he had acted and talked enough for a newspaper page; but it happened that he had reeled off an interview abounding in cheap platitudes, most of which had previously appeared in print. In casting about for something new, I chanced to ask him what he thought of the Belgian symbolist, Maurice Maeterlinck, who had been hailed as a second Shakespeare by Octave Mirbeau and condemned as a monotonous imbecile by Max Nordau. These men had passed the literary critic's judgment; I thought it would be interesting to hear the opinion of a master of stagecraft. And it was a lucky stroke, for as a result, Sir Henry became my good friend and often thereafter referred to the incident

saying: "You bested me, sir, you bested me, and I like that; but I do not recede from my original position—Maeterlinck is not for the stage of the theatre."

There was something about the first mention of the Belgian's name that seemed to arouse Irving's ire. It was awe-inspiring almost, as when one sits on a hilltop and views an approaching storm.

"There may be a class of people on this earth," he said, "who have some use for this man's books in the library. No doubt, there are such people—but on the stage, never!"

This from the chief exponent of English dramatic art during two decades, concerning the author of "Monna Vanna," "The Blue Bird," and "Sister Beatrice." It is true that Sir Henry was speaking of the author of "La Princesse Maleine," "L'Intruse," and "Les Aveugles"; but he declined to admit that there was any artistic or financial future for the actor or the manager who would make so bold as to attempt a production of the Maeterlinck dramas on the stage.

"All wrong! Maeterlinck is impossible," he roared, showing considerable irritation. "There has been always a class of people in Paris who follow these freaks and fads, calling them a new art—blasphemy I say it is, sir, blasphemy! Maeterlinck's works are not dramas. A coterie of French symbolists may see or pretend to see something in these 'Ah's' and 'Oh's'—but for us in England, for you here in America—impossible, I tell you he is impossible!"

Yet "The Blue Bird" has been one of the most successful dramas of the past London season, having been on view at the Haymarket Theatre since December 3 last, and it is said that Winthrop Ames, bidding for the New Theatre, against all other American managers, has been obliged to promise \$50,000 in advance royalties to secure the American representation. The same author, whom Irving declared could never become acceptable to American playgoers, provided the vehicle that turned the tide at the American Comédie Française last winter, when "Sister Beatrice" was produced.

"But, Sir Henry," I objected, probably with some boldness, "'L'Intruse' has been produced with a certain measure of success in London?" He whirled about, riveted his eyes upon me with that rebuking yet compassionate gaze intended to congeal that upon which it was directed.

"I am in a fairly good position to know what has been played in London," he drawled calmly.



M. MAETERLINCK

Dear Mr. H. C.
I would be glad
to see you here tomorrow
morning at 12 -
if convenient to you to
call.
Henry Irving
27 June 1902

The above note, addressed by the late Sir Henry Irving to the author of the accompanying article, is of particular interest owing to the actor's frequently expressed aversion to the journalistic interview

"Then you doubtless know that 'L'Intruse' has been done over here," I continued.

He turned and called loudly to Bram Stoker, who was always nearby. "I say, old man, has any play of Maeterlinck's been done in London?"

"Certainly, 'L'Intruse,'" replied Stoker.

The roaring lion tossed back his mane, jumped towards me, and, slapping me on both shoulders, cried: "You've bested me, you've bested me. You knew you were right, so you insisted. I like that, and I want you to stay to luncheon with me—because you were right and I was wrong."

Stoker smiled and retired, leaving me with a changed man. Irving was no longer the posing and eccentric bidder for cheap advertising; no longer the tempestuous and rough-voiced thespian, but rather a genial host who spoke pleasantly and brilliantly of this and that, finally handing me the worst cigar I ever smoked and drifting back to the chief subject of our interview.

"Maeterlinck is the chap who called 'ennui' a white peacock, isn't he? Ha! Ha!" He leaned back in his chair and laughed like a schoolboy. His return to the subject seemed either a desire to impress upon me his familiarity with the Belgian's plays or a desire to deviate from the positive attitude concerning the author of "Pelleas et Melisande." But the latter was not the case, as I presently learned, for after repeating my desire to quote him upon the subject, he said:

"You may write me down, sir, as one who believes that Maurice Maeterlinck has not the remotest understanding of the requirements of the theatre stage, that all his so-called plays are nervous and questionable efforts of a somewhat disordered brain to appeal to the peculiar temperament of the bewildered and exotic crew that strains after novelty and obscurity, that he has never written a drama worthy of the name and that he is not entitled to the thoughtful consideration of men and women who hold the stage in high esteem."

Strange words were these from the master to whom the playgoer of the present owes so much! Strange that the almost divining intellect that found the stage a pasteboard unreality and transformed it into at least a glowing plausibility, pointing the way to the realities of the present, should have been so blind. Irving was a great actor, a great stage manager, and one who knew much more of men and women than it is given to most men to know; but he was a poor prophet. Perhaps he had paid more careful heed to Nordau's criticism than to the plays themselves. The man whom he berated as a monotonous imbecile, is now counted by many the world's greatest playwright. Either Irving's vision was warped, or the world has wheeled along with far greater rapidity than he could have hoped during his lifetime.

Still, one is led to reflect:

"Would 'Sister Beatrice' have been accomplished with all its beauties of production at the New Theatre last winter if there had been no Irving?"

ARCHIE BELL.

There has been some talk of building a theatre on the East Side for the purpose of reaching the poorer class of Hebrews who rarely gravitate above Fourteenth Street. The idea is no more than a business proposition, but it could be made the instrument of a great ethical movement to break up the solidarity of the Ghetto, and to Americanize these people who are now alien in theory, practice and speech. The Jew is a great theatregoer. His emotions lie close to the surface in his nature, and he therefore responds readily to all phases of the drama. Multi-millionaires who will come forward and build such a theatre will be doing a far greater service to society than the Temple of Art in Central Park West can ever accomplish.

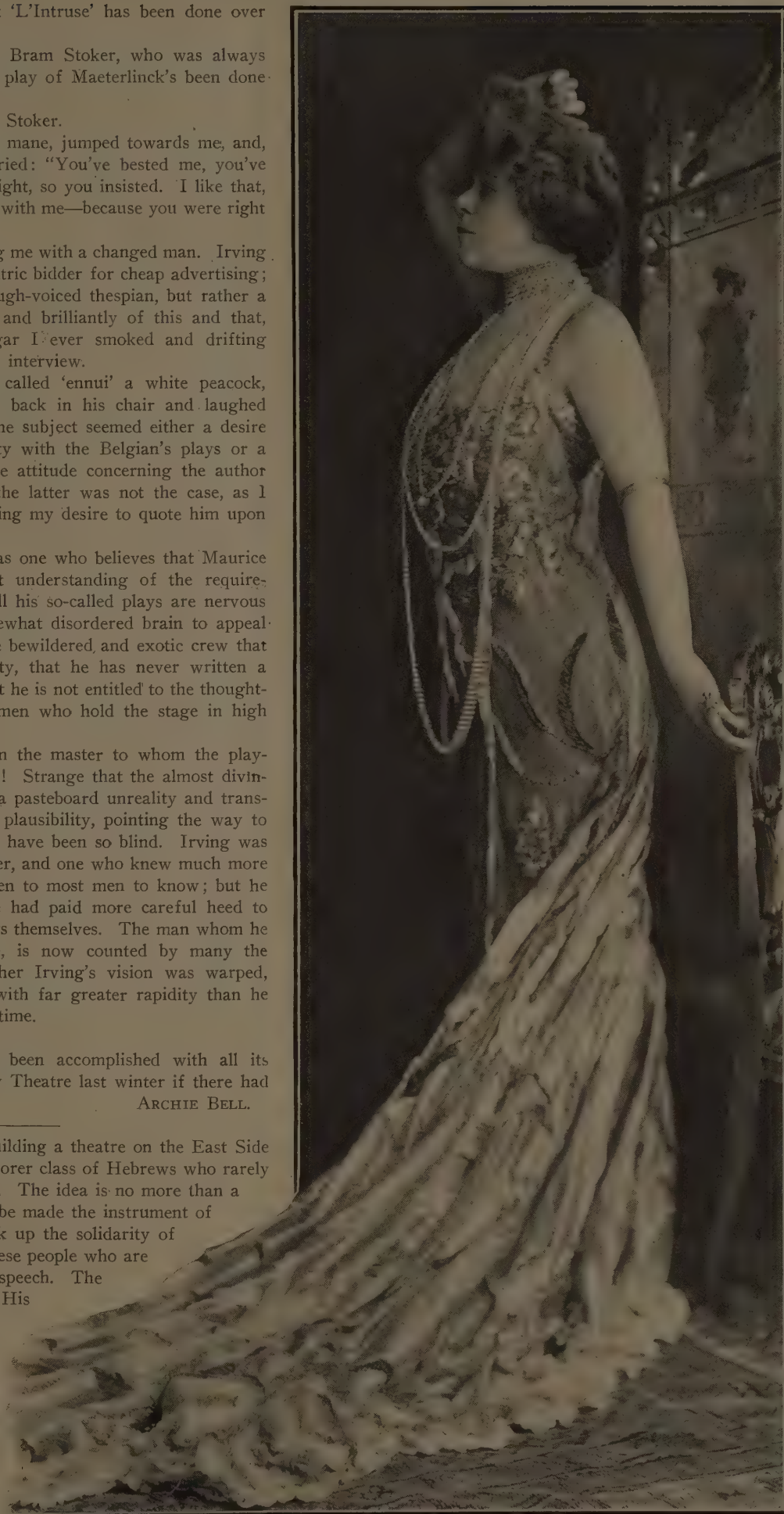


Photo Marceau

LESLIE CARTER

Who will be seen this season in a new play by Rupert Hughes called "The Transformation"



Lawrence

LINA ABARBANELL, RALPH HERZ, JACK GARDINER AND CHORUS IN "MADAME SHERRY" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

The "Deadhead" and What He Costs the Theatre

SAM, member of the Balic Theatre's orchestra, goes to George, the manager of the company which is then playing an engagement on Broadway. The musician tries to seem the type of the happy married man intent only on giving his family a treat, though he may easily be a bachelor.

"Say, George," he appeals with a thoroughly domesticated smile, "could you let me have a pair for to-night for the folks at home?"

George gives that quick glance at the other's face that every man about a theatre empowered to write passes uses in an effort to surprise the applicant's motive. And then as the orchestra player's marital expression seems above suspicion a few lines are scrawled on a blank form—or even on a piece of paper torn from an envelope—and Sam goes away with an order good at the box office for two orchestra seats.

But Sam does not hasten to the folks at home. If the treasurer of the house has the right to issue passes, a little later in the day—or perhaps a day or two later, but during the same engagement—Sam buttonholes the man in the box office when there is none near the window. The treasurer may know that Sam isn't married. In that case the orchestra player utilizes the same aunt so dear to the baseball-loving small office boy—or perhaps a sister or a cousin. And two more orchestra seats are in the pocket of Sam.

Still pursuing similar tactics Sam now goes to the house manager, and if he is successful—and he generally is—an order for two more coupons is secured. Then Sam disappears from the theatre until it is time for his night's duties.

Some time after the departure of Sam Mr. Knowit calls on the telephone a small cigar store on or conveniently near to Broadway, outside of whose door hangs a small sign: "Theatre Tickets at Cut Rates."

Mr. Knowit asks if they have two orchestra seats for the play current at the Balic. They have, and later Mr. and Mrs. Knowit having paid \$1.50, or at the outside, \$2 for the piece of paper Sam parted with for \$1, slip into orchestra seats in time to hear

a part of the opening harmony evolved with Sam's co-operation. They are Sam's "folks" but they don't know it.

Or again: Mr. Harry Footlights, who has scrapbooks and scrapbooks of glowing notices from the one-night stands, finds himself in New York in the midst of the season without an engagement or any definite prospect of one. Mr. Footlights possibly must wait for the organizing of the third and fourth companies of the advancing season's big hits.

Meanwhile Mr. Footlights must live. Mr. Footlights thinks and then—Mr. Footlights acts.

Managers of the thirty-odd first-class theatres in the metropolis begin to receive letters from Mr. Footlights, whom they may or may not know. Of the thirty managers five receive Mr. Footlights' epistles dated from his actors' boarding house, the first day. Mr. Footlights is in the city; he would like to see the attraction at the manager's theatre; will not the manager extend the usual professional courtesies to Mr. Footlights?

The manager will and does. Mr. Footlights earns \$5 a day for a week or more, which is a step on his ambitious way, while Mr. Knowit sits in his seats.

These are but phases of a phase of a situation which is causing some concern to thoughtful men in theatricals, and what is written of New York may be written of any of the other of the country's large cities, on a smaller scale.

It is perfectly true that many of the seats that Mr. Knowit uses have been given for advertising privilege—or for value received—and it is also perfectly true that Sam and Mr. Harry Footlights are dishonest men and may be found out in time. But the managers see no end to their species so long as the pass system endures. There are doorkeepers who sell batches of return checks which in turn are used by the patrons of certain cut rate agencies, and there are employees in theatres who have a little following to whom they sell tickets which are counted as deadhead when the house is reckoned.

But it is not the dishonesty of the employee that seriously constitutes a menace to the theatre. There is dishonesty in every

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

FRANCES STARR WHO WILL CONTINUE PLAYING IN "THE EASIEST WAY" THIS SEASON

business, and the managers must keep alert to devise better safeguards.

The real menace to the theatre, in the opinion of many managers, lies not in the attitude of the employee, but of Mr. Knowit.

It may be that Mr. Knowit acts from motives of economy. It may be that he prefers to pay \$2 instead of \$4 and rest satisfied with the inferior seats which the pass holder receives when business at the theatre is good.

But there is a more prosperous Mr. Knowit who would rather pay twice the price of a pair of orchestra seats for a pass. This theatregoer likes to assume an air of mystery to his friends as he proves to them by possession of the coveted pass that he has influence in the dreamland of the stage.

There are treasurers who will tell you that they have patrons who make a request that their seats be punched or their corners clipped.

"But why?" persisted one treasurer.

"Well, I've always had them that way, and that is the way I like them."

"I don't see really what difference it makes," this treasurer said.

The purchaser, who was not a woman, became suddenly confidential.

"It's this way: I like to have my friends think that I get them free."

But the treasurer wouldn't punch the coupons.

One of those managers who sometimes believes it expedient to "paper" liberally his houses—to issue passes for the purpose of forcing a run or of making an appearance—told me this bit of his experience:

"It was a case of the grateful butcher," he said. "I once gave a butcher a pair of seats that I was exceedingly glad to get rid of. I wanted to make a good showing early in the run, after play and production had been severely roasted by the critics.

"My butcher—I call him my butcher though he had never served me—took the seats and came to the theatre with his wife—a great, hearty, apple-cheeked woman.

"It is an axiom that you can't get a hand—you can't get applause—from a papered house. Well, that butcher and his wife sat there enjoying the play to the utmost. Their applause was hearty and their appreciation instant—but it never went to the point beyond which the audience turns from the play to enjoy the greenness of the unsophisticated.



Bert
A NEW PORTRAIT OF MLE. LANTHELME
The beautiful French actress and wife of the millionaire proprietor of "Le Matin," who is playing with enormous success in "Le Costaud des Epinettes" at the Vaudeville. She is also to figure in the law courts for refusing to fulfil an engagement on account of the rôle in "Manon, la Fille Gallante," being "too shocking" for her susceptibilities.

"I shouldn't wonder if that butcher didn't help bring the prosperity which later came to the play.

"Weeks later that butcher sent to my house a fine little roasting pig and a couple of turkeys that were delicious—merchandise far beyond the value of the seats I had given to him.

"Of course this is an extreme case. The simple soul of that butcher was pleased beyond measure at having had the mystic pass, but after all there was something fundamental in human nature that was touched, some big pride in getting a pass to the theatre. It shows John that he's a bigger man than William, or at least it makes William think so."

Another manager told me of a similar happening. He gave an order for two seats to a furniture dealer and got in return to his great surprise a fine bird's-eye maple bureau.

"If they'd only all do that," he sighed, "the pass system wouldn't be evil."

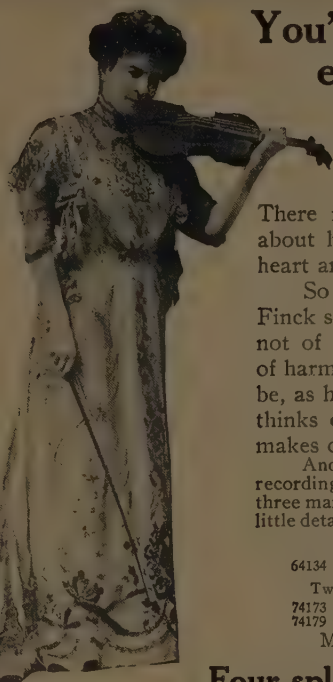
Of course the managers themselves, responsible for the papering of houses in order to force a run and make "the road" swallow what the metropolis has seemed to nibble, have only themselves to blame for the creation of a large class of deadheads; "and once a deadhead always a deadhead," is as well known as Broadway.

In one of the largest cities of Connecticut—and a college town—there are two theatres. There is a class of regular theatregoers which has become accustomed to the first-on-any-stage performances for which the town is noted, the preliminary grooming for entering New York. These pay for their seats.

There is a larger class in this Connecticut city which never buys any seats at all. It knows that if it does not receive them for one theatre it will for the other. Each of the two theatres has a free list. If the advance sale has not been satisfactory by three o'clock in the afternoon the management hurriedly sends seats by messenger to the homes of those on its free list. For actors on a first night will not play well to a half empty house, and the management of the production hopes too for the line of the telegraphic news of the New York morning newspapers: "A large and fashionable audience saw," etc. So the Knowits of that city wait until four P. M. before they think of buying any seats, and then if the free tickets do not come they decide to wait for the next attraction.

(Continued on page x)

You'll enjoy Maud Powell's exquisite violin solos



"Our" Maud Powell, as her admirers love to call her, is one of the few artists who shows year after year greater development in tone, technique and interpretation. There is nothing of pose or virtuoso affectation about her—she loves the work she is doing and her heart and mind are wholly in it.

So eminent a musical authority as Henry T. Finck says: "When Maud Powell plays, one thinks not of bowing and fingering, of staccato or legato, of harmonics or double-stops, of trills—though they be, as hers are, Melba-like in their perfection; one thinks only of the music. Like a great actor, she makes one forget the player in the art."

And the perfection reached by the new Victor process of recording was never shown to better advantage than in these three marvelous new records, which reproduce perfectly every little detail and delicacy of tone with all the original brilliancy.

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Mme. Powell makes records only for the Victor. *

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This noted young tenor always charms his audiences not only because of his lovely voice, but because of the absolute clearness of his enunciation, which enables every word to be understood. The unusual qualities of his superb tenor voice are fully apparent in the numbers he has sung for the Victor.

Ten-inch, accompaniment by Victor Orchestra, 60 cents.

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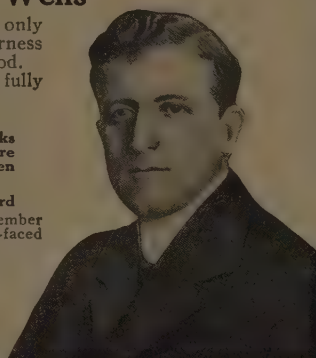
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HALL'S Vegetable Scillan Hair Renewer

Does not Color the Hair

Represents the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.

Stops Falling Hair

No question about this. Hall's Hair Renewer positively stops falling hair. It does this quickly and thoroughly. No experimenting. No vexatious delays. No undesirable effects. You apply the Renewer: the hair stops coming out—that is all there is to it.

Makes the Hair Grow

Keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Makes the hair bulbs active and strong. As a result, the hair grows more rapidly, does not split at the ends, keeps soft and smooth.

Let your doctor decide all questions about the proper treatment of your hair. Do as he says, every time.

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Pozzoni's Complexion POWDER

The Greatest of all Beautifiers

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Positively removes Freckles, Sun-burn and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not merely cover up but eradicates them. Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap should be used in connection with Malvina Cream. At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Cream, 50c., Lotion, 50c., Soap, 25c.

Send for testimonials

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for complexions always smooth and velvety, that never
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exposure, to sun and wind, are
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fier—Lablache. It prevents
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ration. It is cooling, refresh-
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Refuse substitutes. They may be
dangerous. Fresh, White, Pink, or
Cream, get a box of drugists or by
mail. Send 10c. for sample box.
BEN LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 26, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



The "Dead head"

(Continued from page 96)

But even some of the managers given to this ostrich device ask to be saved from themselves. They do it because the other fellow did and they have to, too—or they think so.

Professional courtesy, the managers argue, is proper so long as it is professional courtesy alone. It is desirable that managers should be permitted to enter free the theatres of others and see what is being produced there. It is also fitting that actors and reviewers should have an opportunity of seeing plays without paying. But when through the dishonesty of some in theatricals and the instant appreciation on the part of the outside public of a pass or the seeming ability to get a pass, the general public begins to drift into the deadhead class, the managers are alarmed, even though they admit that they are themselves to blame for some of the abuses.

"The pressure upon the manager of a traveling company," said one manager to me, "is simply enormous. Every man with whom he comes in contact is only waiting for a fitting opportunity to ask for a pass. The man who handles the company's baggage and is paid for his work in cash, the hotel people who are also paid in cash, and the very bellboys, waiters, and chambermaids—all want and sometimes get passes.

"Where a company is playing a week stand the waiters simply fight to wait upon the principal players. And then invariably, if the service is good, the actor—who is vain by temperament and is flattered—will go to the manager of the company and get a pass for his waiter. And so it goes. You can easily see why seats are two dollars in the large cities. Those who pay for tickets have, in the economic nature of things, to carry a part of the burden of those who do not."

Managers who have considered remedies tell me they can think of but one absolute check to this eating away of the vitals of the theatre by the theatre.

"Let the theatres," they say, "be relieved of the enormous burden by federal legislation just as the railroads were. Let admission to theatres be lawfully obtained only by the payment of money. Abolish the pass system entirely and the theatre will gladly pay cash for those things that are now paid in passes.

"The practice of papering houses is dishonest in the first place and harmful in the second. It has made deadheads of many one-time theatre-goers. There will always be an infinite appeal about the stage to all classes in all ages, but that appeal seems to be made stronger by a piece of paper called a pass.

"Force managers who otherwise would paper their houses to stand on their own merits; the level of play and manager would be raised at once.

"Managers who continue to paper their houses in an effort to deceive the public outside of the large cities are at best only ostriches sticking their empty heads beneath piles of passes instead of sand."

These managers argue that the loss to the theatres through the pass system is enormous. I have heard it estimated from hundreds of thousands a year up. Audiences would gain if the system were abolished, agree the managers, because of a betterment in theatrical conditions; the theatres would not have to carry a heavy load and so could employ some of the actors who are out of employment in the large cities in constant numbers, and the public itself would cease to aid dishonesty and trample and rend its component parts for an unfair advantage, since all would pay for theatre tickets or stay home.

BERTRAND BABCOCK.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (August 15th): "Girles" at the New Amsterdam; "Love Among the Lions" at the Garrick; "Seven Days" at the Astor; "The Arcadians" at the Knickerbocker; "The Brass Bottle" at the Lyceum; "The Cheater" at the Lyric; "The Commuters" at the Criterion; "The Echo" at the Globe; "The Follies of 1910" at the Jardin de Paris; "The Fortune Hunter" at the Gaiety; "The Marriage of a Star" at the Hackett; "The Spendthrift" at the Hudson; "The Summer Widowers" at the Broadway; "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Herald Square; "Up and Down Broadway" at the Casino.



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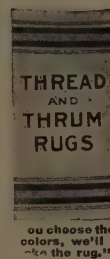
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If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us his address and the price in stamps for a full-size package
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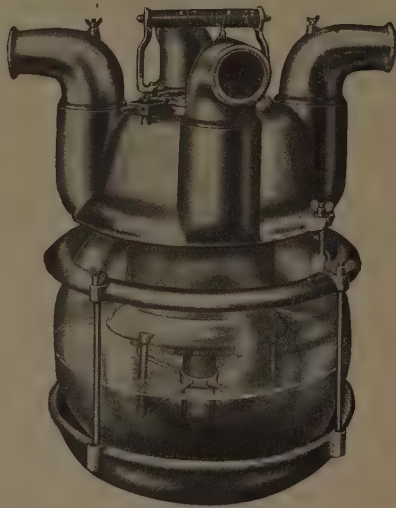
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Promise a Brilliant Season

(Continued from page 68)

"The Gamblers" is a big subject, national in scope, dealing with the prevailing craze of chance.

In point of prolificity Jules Eckert Goodman must be reckoned with. "The Mother," a homely study, had a long run in Chicago, and W. A. Brady has so much faith in it that as a money-maker alone he believes it will equal the wonderful record achieved by "Way Down East."

Virginia Harned and Amelia Bingham will be seen in repertoire. The latter will make a feature of the Sardou plays while Frank McIntyre will stick to "The Traveling Salesman." In the Spring he may try a change with "Snoobs."

Mrs. Fiske's repertoire, which will include a revival of "Becky Sharpe," will keep her going for some time, but Langdon Mitchell is at work on a play for her.

Here are some stars and the plays they will appear in: Hilda Spong in "The Penalty"; Thomas Wise in "The Member from Ozark"; Burr McIntosh in "In God's Country"; Theodore Roberts in "The Right To Live"; Lillian Russell in "In Search of a Sinner"; Nat Goodwin in "The Captain"; Maclyn Arbuckle in "Welcome to Our City"; Christie Macdonald in a musical comedy; Blanche Walsh in "Barbarezza"; Elsie Ferguson in "A Matter of Money"; Mabel Taliaferro in "The Little Mother"; Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," adapted from George Ade's story by Henry Blossom with music by Leslie Stuart of "Florodora" fame.

It would almost seem as if New York had quite enough theatres and yet two more are in active construction. The Playhouse in Forty-eighth Street will be managed by W. A. Brady, and the initial attraction will be Grace George, probably in a revival of an old company. The George M. Cohan Theatre at Forty-third Street and Broadway will open with a musical piece from the prolific pen of its namesake.

Of course the craze for flying machines will be taken advantage of, and in "The Aviator" Edward Abeles will be featured, while Robert Lorraine, if he doesn't break his neck in the real thing, will return to this country for a revival of "Man and Superman."

Percy MacKaye is one of the few genuine American poets writing for our stage. It is a wholesome sign of the times, therefore, when it is announced that Henry B. Harris will put forward Edgar Selwyn in "The Scarecrow," an original romantic comedy founded by Mr. MacKaye on one of Hawthorne's romances. The central figure is a mechanically constructed man and out of his relations with real life is spun a fantasy pregnant with philosophical truth and telling satire. Pending this production Mr. Selwyn will star in "The Country Boy."

There is no better delineator of American rural life than Kate Douglas Wiggin. One of her Maine stories she has dramatized under the title of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It did well on tour last year and will present Edith Taliaferro in the title rôle.

Belasco's company of players will start in with "The Concert," a play dealing with the love affairs of a famous piano teacher with his pupils. Later Mr. Belasco will make a handsome production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Mr. Belasco, it is said, will also produce a play called "The Case of Becky."

Passionate emotionalism will be tossed around with splendid vigor by Mrs. Leslie Carter and Margaret Illington. Rupert Hughes comes to the front in behalf of the erstwhile Belasco star while Edward Elsnor has gone to the French for Miss Illington's play. It will be called "Until Eternity."

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, an actress of rare charm and refinement will return to play a starring engagement under the Liebler regime.

The return of the divine Sarah is always an event. More so than ever this year, as it will probably be her farewell tour of this country. In addition to the familiar features of her exhaustive repertoire Mme. Bernhardt will appear in ten plays in which she has never before acted in the United States. These are "Les Bouffons," "La Befra," "La Rampe," "Le Passant," "Monna Vanna," "Resurrection," "Les Romanesques," "Le Bois Sacré," "Sapho" and "La Princesse Lointaine."

Charles Hawtrey either hits it good and fair or misses it entirely when he picks out a play. When he selected "The Little Damozel" by Monkton Hoffe he struck a real bull's eye. Henry W. Savage will present this agreeable and dainty comedy to the American public, presenting May Buckley in the leading female rôle, while the protagonist will be presented by Cyril Keightley, an English actor of distinction and personal charm.



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Since his last visit to these shores, several years ago, Sir John Hare has practically made no new productions on the other side. For his forthcoming tour he will therefore depend on some Pinero revivals, but it is more than likely that the greater part of his repertoire will consist of a series of Robertsonian plays linked with his fame, in only one of which have Americans had an opportunity to study his polished art.

Fred Terry, who, with his wife, Julia Neilsen, was last seen here with Sir John Hare, will visit our shores this season as joint stars in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a picturesque and exciting drama of the French Revolution. Time and again within the last five years have they found it profitable to revive this drama. Another romantic play which they have in reserve is "Henry of Navarre," not to be confounded with "The Helmet of Navarre."

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with Ellen Terry as Mrs. Page; Lena Ashwell and Henry Ainley in a play by C. S. M. McLellan, and Oscar Asche and Lilly Bratton in Shakespearean repertoire are among other probable foreign visitors this season, while Albert Chevalier, the costermonger artist, is booked to appear in the legitimate. He will be seen in a French character part in a comedy called "The Caretaker."

There are several stars and plays which enjoyed such long runs in New York last season that on tour they will easily fill out the customary thirty weeks. Foremost is Nance O'Neil and Charles Cartwright in "The Lily"; Guy Bates Post in Edward Sheldon's powerful play "The Nigger"; Jack Barrymore in "The Fortune Hunter"; H. B. Warner in the thrilling detective play "Alias Jimmy Valentine"; Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot"; Montgomery and Stone in "The Old Town"; Viola Allen in "The White Sister," followed if necessary by a new play by Israel Zangwill; Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby"; J. E. Dodson in "The House Next Door"; Edmund Breese in "The Spendthrift"; Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way"; Charlotte Walker in "Just a Wife"; Raymond Hitchcock in "The Man Who Owns Broadway," and Max Figman who will take up Dixey's delicious creation in "Mary Jane's Pa." "The Man Who Stood Still" and "The Cheater" will probably carry Louis Mann through the season, although Jules Eckert Goodman has a new play up his sleeve for him. Wilton Lackaye will continue in Cleveland Moffet's drama of capital and labor, "The Battle," and if her eyes recover sufficiently Mabel Hite will come into the limelight through the medium of "A Certain Party" by O'Malley and Townsend, two of *The Sun's* bright young men. Chrystal Herne and Laurette Taylor are two young performers who have been raised to the dignity of stars. The latter will be seen in "The Girl in Waiting," which had a successful Spring try-out.

When Charles Frohman returns from a certain one of his many trips abroad he announces a series of productions fairly startling in their number and comprehensive detail. That he controls them goes without saying; that all of them will see the footlights must naturally be governed by subsequent limitations and conditions. Some of these plays are: "Chains," a remarkable study of a woman stenographer in a London office, dealing with the limiting influences which shackle down the soaring spirit. How the necessity of wage earning prevents excursions into the realms of possibility is graphically portrayed. It seems doubtful too as to whether Henry Arthur Jones' latest play will be produced, and "Montmartre" also seems problematical. In view of its London fate "The Tenth Man" would hardly seem worth the venture. Will Haddon Chambers finish his new comedy for production this year is also open to question. What London thinks of "Papillon" with Cyril Maude will be recorded before the piece is seen here, and in what will be presented a very young and attractive actress, Marie Lohr, who made such a success with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree? Of the musical plays which Mr. Frohman has secured in conjunction with George Edwardes it is safe to say that America will not witness them until London has first fixed upon them the stamp of its approval. They include: "The Doll Girl," book by the author of "The Merry Widow"; and "La Belle Risetite" by Leo Fall. And here is a further list of plays which C. F. controls and promises to bring out. "The Single Man" by Henry Hubert Davies; "The Fire Screen" by Sutro; "After Me the ——" by Bernstein; "The Foolish Virgin" by Bataille, a big Paris hit; "The Unknown Dancer"; "The Impostor"; "A Woman Passed By"; "The 112 Note"; "The Marriage of Miss Bullman," and "The Second Footman."

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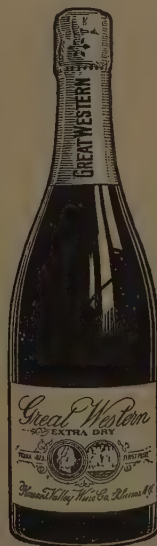
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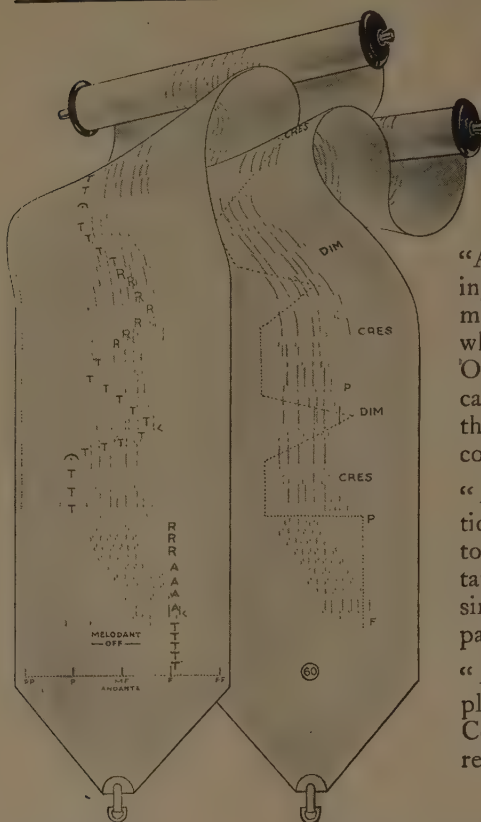
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The New Plays

(Continued from page 70)

woman named Irene Fenwick did all that was required of her. Louis Massen, as a mystified client, acted in the real spirit of farce and sustained several tottering scenes. "The Brass Bottle" will hardly do.

CASINO. "UP AND DOWN BROADWAY." Musical comedy in two acts by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz. Produced July 18 with this cast:

Momus, Eddie Foy; Apollo, George Anderson; Erato, Martin Brown; Nabba, Harry MacDonough, Jr.; Vicus, Ernest Hare; Terpsichore, Vida Whitmore; Thalia, Phyllis Gordon; Euterpe, Mae Dealy; Clio, Gloria Pierce; Caliope, Jessica Worth; Pythagoras, Marguerite St. Clair; Lucius, Sylvia Clarke; Genus, Peggy Merritt; Malpomene, Emma Carus; entertainers, Irving Berlin and Ted Snyder; Fan Tan, Melissa Ten Eyke.

Without form, but not entirely void of amusing qualities, is the general description these days which may be applied to Summer shows. "Up and Down Broadway," the current attraction at the Casino, comes well within this category. It can hardly be described as a review though it purports to be "a more or less incoherent resumé of current events theatrical and otherwise." It would rather seem to be a high-class vaudeville show, the individual features of which are strung together by the mere thread of a story. The High Brow Club of Mt. Parnassus sends a delegation to the Great White Way. Momus, its janitor, interpreted by Eddie Foy, is the moving spirit in this terrestrial excursion and in a series of extravagant costumes portrays some of the striking features that the theatrical world has recently set forth. His burlesque of Forbes Robertson is highly grotesque. The skit on Jerome K. Jerome's charmingly symbolic comedy is not of the highest order, but the song he sings as Nance O'Neil in "The Lily" is genuine mimicry and humor of real value. Of course a Café de l'Olester is in evidence and before a merry, pretty and highly dressed or under dressed chorus more specialties varying in charm, wit and merit are introduced. Berlin and Snyder sing "O That Burlesque Rag" with neat distinction and the usual febrile dance between a man and a woman—this time described as "The Dope Fiend"—is contributed with a volcanic enthusiasm and acrobatic skill that is movingly effective. Its exponents are Martin Brown and Melissa Ten Eyke. Emma Carus is right "on the job" throughout the whole *potpourri*, and by her nice articulation and slashing good humor brings life and vitality to her various scenes. Miss Vida Whitmore as Terpsichore and Martin Brown add to the gaiety with a capital dance, and some telling musical satire is introduced by Mr. Diamond and Miss Gordon in a song entitled "When Sist' Tetrizin' Met Cousin Caruse." During the evening a dozen scenic sets of a dazzling kind are revealed and the chorus, pulchritudinous to a degree, work overtime changing their gowns. The music is tinkly but satisfying to the not over-educated ear.

HACKETT. "THE MARRIAGE OF A STAR." Adapted from the French of Alexandre Bisson and Georges Thurner. Produced August 15 with this cast:

Simont La Fee, Clara Lipman; Victoria Bridge, Alida Cortelyou; Marjory Lore, Consuelo Bailey; Miss Bear Handle, Clara Sidney; Mrs. Wendell Hill, Lena Loraine; Beacon Lore, of Boston, Franklin Ritchie; Wendell Hill, Fred Montague; Putname Hill, Albert Parker; Courtleigh Cryme, Arthur Coglisier; Emmeline, Mabel Shaw.

With her range from vivacious comedy to emotional sincerity, Miss Clara Lipman deserves a play at this moment fitting her abilities, for the field open to her is practically unoccupied. In "The Marriage of a Star" the one character around which the action revolves is an actress of that kind of artistic temperament that hurls slippers at an offending maid, changes its caprice from moment to moment, holds to youth and its illusions at thirty-six, makes its possessor charming, and leaves her unspoiled in her resources of genuine feeling and loyalty. With the opportunities for the display of such varying moods an actress of temperament and skill can sustain a play that in itself has little intrinsic merit. This is exactly what Miss Lipman does. It is she who is interesting through her personality and her art rather than the character in the play. The action of the play does not contribute its part. Certainly there is a story, but it is too diffuse. There is something doing all the time, yes, something, but not always the entirely right something. Occasionally the characters in coming and going seem to be animated by the plaint of that interesting wanderer formerly familiar in a stage "act" who, with a raucous voice, the direct result of Park benches at night, declaimed

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that "There is Nowhere to Go but Out, Nowhere to Come but In." We do not mean to say that the adaptation of the original play by Bisson and Thurner bears many such marks of an inexperienced hand. To change the locality from France to the United States is apt to introduce indefinite purposes. To change the entire atmosphere of a play is not easy of achievement. With the new conditions the dramatist is confronted with new responsibilities. In this case the family of a young man living in Boston is opposed to his marriage with the daughter of an actress. That alone would furnish a play. The adapter has simply attacked too much material. However, there is an action there, with a sufficient number of scenes carried by Miss Lipman to make an entertainment. The actress is divorced from her husband, who lives in Boston and has charge of their daughter. She is now eighteen and comes to announce her engagement. The young man falls in love with his prospective mother-in-law. At a rehearsal for the new play he helps out, and in the ardor of the moment he kisses the actress passionately, which leads to the discovery on all sides that he is in love with her. With romantic eagerness he urges her to elope with him. The mother rebukes him and sends him away, while the daughter is prepared to surrender her dream. In the end the young people are reconciled, and the divorced husband, who has shown a new interest in life since meeting his wife—that was more beautiful and charming than ever, applies for reinstatement in her affections, and is accepted with his new red scarf. It is this prospective marriage that gives the play its name. The natural plan of the play, with its abundance, indeed superabundance, of material, would concern the marriage of the daughter of the star. It might be possible to revise the piece in accordance with this demand of the condition of the action and still leave the star dominant and regnant in the proper ascension. A few of the actors employed would shine in the readjusted conjunctions. Miss Consuelo Bailey has temperament and so has Mr. Albert Parker.

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CRITERION. "THE COMMUTERS." Farcical comedy in four acts by James Forbes. Produced August 15 with this cast:

Larry Brice, Orrin Johnson; Hetty Brice, May De Sousa; Carrie, Georgie Laurence; Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Pauline Duffield; Mr. Rolliston, George Soule Spencer; Mr. Colton, John Chamberlain; Mr. Applebee, E. Y. Backus; Sammy Fletcher, Taylor Holmes; Mrs. Julia Stickney Crane, Maude Knowlton; Mrs. Colton, Amy Lesser; Mrs. Shipman, Isabelle Fenton; Mrs. Applebee, Adelyn Wesley; Mrs. Rolliston, Lillian Thurgate; Barnes, E. Y. Backus.

Like Autolycus, the snapper up of unconsidered trifles, James Forbes as an observer of life snaps up and puts away in his note-book hundreds of little daily happenings which, from their universal truth, make capital dramatic copy when he comes to work them out into plays. It is the obvious and commonplace that the public likes, but if they are dished up with some sprightly, up-to-date humor, some little philosophical detail and a dash or two of drama, the result is a play which almost always keeps the box office busy.

Such a piece is "The Commuters," which, if the signs read aright, is likely to hold the boards at the Criterion for many a week to come.

Its author describes it as a farcical comedy. It is really a series of episodes growing out of the daily life of the man who catches trains and of the wife who remains behind trusting that he will at least catch the last one out. The cook who is always leaving, the domestic couple who will talk exclusively of their precocious children; the carefully guarded lawn which won't grow, the literary society, etc., are local items that are all woven into a domestic fabric that is bright, witty and typically American. Larry Brice, after an evening of undue exhilaration, brings his bachelor friend, Sammy Fletcher, out with him to spend the night. He forgets all about him, and when the friend appears the next afternoon very much dishevelled, interrupting the ladies' literary gathering, he precipitates a great rumpus and is finally arrested.

This is the funny side of the piece, while the serious is supplied by the wife, who tries to teach her neglectful husband a salutary lesson.

The bachelor friend is admirably played by Taylor Holmes with a sense of restrained humor that is wonderfully taking. By his quiet, finished and artistic methods Mr. Holmes seems destined for a bright future. The husband and wife are played by Orrin Johnson and May De Sousa. Both were splendidly artificial. Pauline Duffield as a kindly mother-in-law was nicely refined and albeit a trifle too boisterous; the maid of all work was acted with spirited humor by Georgie Laurence.



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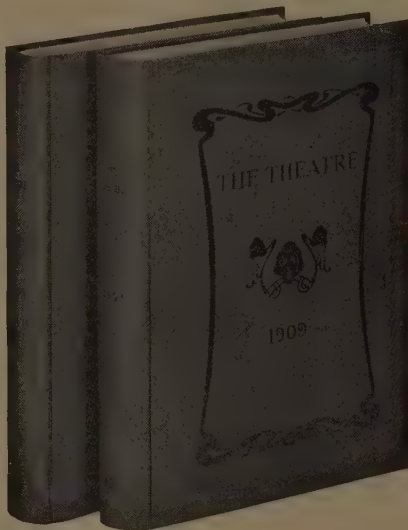
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Advance Autumn Fashions and Fabrics

THE tailored suit generally holds first place in the consideration of most American women when contemplating additions to the wardrobe for the autumn. This season a little more thought will be required in planning the wardrobe, for every one must decide for herself whether she will cling to that long established favorite, the suit consisting of coat and skirt, or will have the bodice made in one with the skirt and with a matching coat, or will elect to wear short skirted gowns under a long coat of entirely different material.

If one is already the possessor of a long fur coat for mid-winter wear the selection of a long cloth coat for the autumn may well be both economical and stylish. There are any number of stunning fabrics among the new materials shown for these coats. These are generally rough, woolly materials that are really light weight.

Rough cloths are to be first choice for the separate coat, and are particularly smart for the motor coat. There are some loosely woven basket cloths, which are especially stunning in white, though other colors are also included. These have quite a hairy surface,

and are rather wiry to the touch. The Worumbo polo cloth is the exact opposite of this, being a soft, warm material that is almost as light in weight as dress goods. The natural camel's hair color is the most stunning for day wear in polo cloth, but there are inviting double surfaced polo cloths in pink, blue, yellow or white that are just the thing for a young girl's evening coat.

The English mixtures in tweeds and homespuns are suitable for the coat which is to do duty for the motor, and for general street wear. Some of these come with plaid backs. Then there are the big green and blue plaids that for the woman who can afford a variety of outer garments make a suitable coat for occasional use in the motor. For general utility wear every woman should insist on having her coat of a material which has been put through the cravenetted process, for this makes it impervious to the rain, and also enables one to take out any slight spot or soil by the application of soapy water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Any material can be cravenetted to advantage. A cravenetted garment does not make the wearer uncomfortably warm.



Photo Felix
Mlle. Trouhanova, of the Grand Opéra, Paris, in a superb evening gown of white and gold brocade. A short chignon tunic is edged with crystal bead embroidery, bands of which decorate the skirt and corsage



Photo Manuel
Elegant costume of dark blue voile de soie, elaborately embroidered in Egyptian design and colors. Made by Alice Blum, Paris

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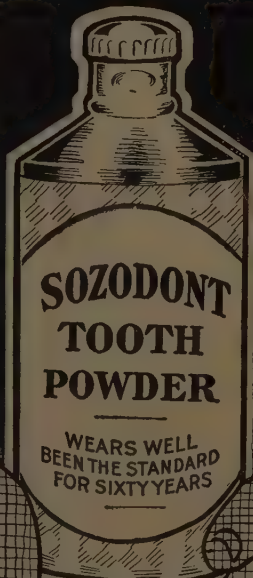
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Photo Felix
Mlle. Copernic, of the Théâtre Antoine, Paris, in an evening gown of silver gray broché crêpe with tunic of figured mousseline de soie, ornamented with cut steel bands

The motor coat, as well as that intended for street wear, may be of the simplest possible cut, or it may be of quite an involved cut. But whatever the style chosen it must be quite narrow, and with little, if any, flare around the bottom. There is no necessity for extra fulness in the form of plaits set in the skirt portion, because the gowns worn beneath will be of the narrowest and most clinging description as to cut and often so as to material. Unless the tailor is an adept, and so fully understands the value of lines and their true proportion, it is wiser to choose the simple styles. For motoring where a garment is required that can be easily slipped on and off sleeves cut in one with the body of the garment are advisable. Of whatever form, the sleeve must be full length, and only sufficiently large to slip on readily.

Big, shaggy fur collars and cuffs are very effective on the coats made of rough cloth. Fur trimmings will be very smart for gowns as well as the outer garment. Some of the newest coats, both long and short, are made with high fitting velvet collars. Velvet is certainly a pretty and becoming trimming, but whether the high collar will be generally adopted is an open question. Women have been so long accustomed to the freedom given by the collarless coat or that with a turnover collar, and have found the fur scarf such a comfortable and becoming adjunct to the toilette that it will be small wonder if they decline to accept the new high collar.

The materials for gowns that will be pronouncedly fashionable this season are soft satins, lustrous crêpes both plain and figured in the same tone as the ground, silk marquises, voiles, nets, chiffons, velvet, broadcloth, silk and wool dress goods such as Colleen poplin, eolienne and such lustrous wool fabrics as Tussah Royal,

than which there are few better wearing materials. Combinations of materials and colors will give scope for the exercise of individual taste.

The French models illustrate the combination of colors to perfection. One beautiful reception gown has the dominating tone in seal brown. The foundation is a dull shade of light electric blue. On this is placed a narrow shaped flounce of seal brown satin. The tunic, which just reaches the satin, is of black and white lace. That is, the net foundation is black with the Van Dyke pattern worked in white. This tunic is bordered with a wide band of skunk, and there is a narrower band of the fur just above the knees. The drapery of the bodice is of the lace and brown chiffon. A band of the fur, and quite a wide one, too, ornaments the bodice in novel form as it encircles the figure by crossing over the right shoulder and under the left arm near the waist line. A similar band of fur finishes the sleeve just above the elbow. The neck is finished with guimpe of fine white lace having a stock collar.

A gown made with a short skirt, which barely escapes the ground all around, was a peculiar and effective combination of black, brick red and yellow. Black cachemire de soie was used for the foundation. The little bloused bodice and overdress was of the brick red chiffon, which it can be readily understood was wonderfully toned down by the black satin beneath. This tunic had a deep border of odd embroidery, being in the shape of deep oblongs.



Photo Felix
Charming afternoon costume of rose brocade with tunic of printed gaze de soie in mastic shade. Trimmings of Irish crochet lace and black velvet ribbon



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The ground of the embroidery was black satin, but on it the little disks and buttons of yellow and red embroidery were so thickly set that the effect was given of its being a transparent material so that the underskirt showed through the spaces.



Photo Felix

Smart motor hat of taffeta, trimmed with velvet and fancy feather. Made by Carlier, Paris

An odd black lace gown over black satin has a scarf of burgundy satin ribbon encircling the skirt half way between the ankles and knees and ending in a splashing big bow at the left side of the front. Then there is a touch of reddish purple velvet set on the square end of the train. A white lace evening gown shows a band of black set on the satin underdress at just the point where it will show off most effectively the

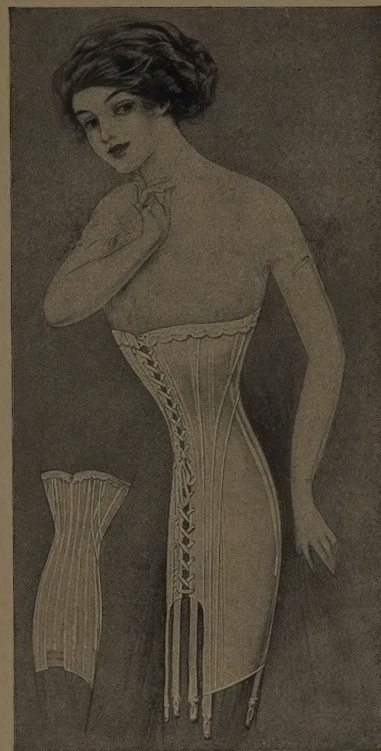


Photo Felix

A novel and charming form of dinner hat, made of white velvet and ornamented with handsome willow plumes

pattern of the lace drapery. To this is added a sash of pink satin ribbon wound about the skirt underneath the lace.

Gowns of one color, however, will be quite as fashionable as those showing the combination of two or three colors. One



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of the most stunning of these is a beautiful shade of old gold, that is a yellow with just a tinge of green in it. The material is a soft satin over which hangs a tunic of gold net the exact shade of the satin embroidered with crystal beads of matching color. The tunic separates near the waist line in front, and droops to a rounded point on the back of the short train. A bit of fine figured cream lace finishes the neck, while on the left side of the corsage rests a single long stemmed pink rose with foliage.

Another lovely yellow gown is of velvet. This is richly embroidered in a conventionalized floral design with Sida floss of the same shade. There is an embroidered motif in the centre front of the corsage with a point extending to the waist line. A panel effect with the point upwards occupies the centre form of the skirt, finishing just above the knees. The back of the skirt is quite full, being shirred in at the waist line, and then falling almost to the ground with the edges caught under in a deep, soft puff. Below this puff is a short, actually square train, embroidered around the sides and bottom. This train is attached to the back breadth, but not to the side ones, so that when the wearer is in motion the skirt opens for about five inches to show fascinating glimpses of billowy lace ruffles.

Decidedly, the narrow skirt is to be the skirt of the season. The French models show the width for the skirt to be two yards. Of course, there are some exceptions to this, but have we not always been taught that it is the exception which proves the rule? These short-skirted gowns are shown in a combination of fabrics as well as all of one material, the latter being broadcloth or other smooth-surfaced fabric. The short skirts have the straight line from below the hips down. There is absolutely no flare to the skirts. In



Photo Felix

Mlle. Destrelles, of the Théâtre du Gymnase, in a white satin gown veiled with mousseline de soie. The tunic is edged with chenille fringe and veils an elaborate embroidery of white Sida silk floss



Photo Manuel

Afternoon costume of Empire blue voile de soie with foundation of crêpe meteoré. The corsage embroidered in blue and silver veiled with voile de soie. Girdle of black satin. Made by Ernest Raudnitz, Paris

a collection of fifty or more short dresses one plaited model was seen. This was made of a dull medium shade of blue with a box-plaited skirt, the plaits being held down about twelve inches from the bottom by means of a satin ribbon of the same shade running over them at the sides and beneath them at the front and back, so that at the latter points the ribbon showed only between the plaits.

The plain skirt is frequently used in the short dress made of a single fabric. This is well illustrated in a dark blue silk warp henrietta, and by the way, blue of the darkest possible shade promises to be quite a favorite this autumn. This model has the seams at either side of the skirt accented by a trimming of tiny crochet buttons and simulated buttonholes. The bodice is made separate from the skirt, but attached to it by means of a satin girdle. The sleeves are cut in one with the bodice, and are trimmed at the elbow with a band of colored silk embroidery similar to that which ornaments almost the entire front of the bodice. This is worked in an Egyptian design and rich red and blue tones picked out with touches of yellow.

It is plain to be seen that embroidery will be an important trimming this season. Sida silk floss embroidery is used on chiffon, net, velvet, satin and wool goods.

The fashion of veiling the gown is rather on the increase than

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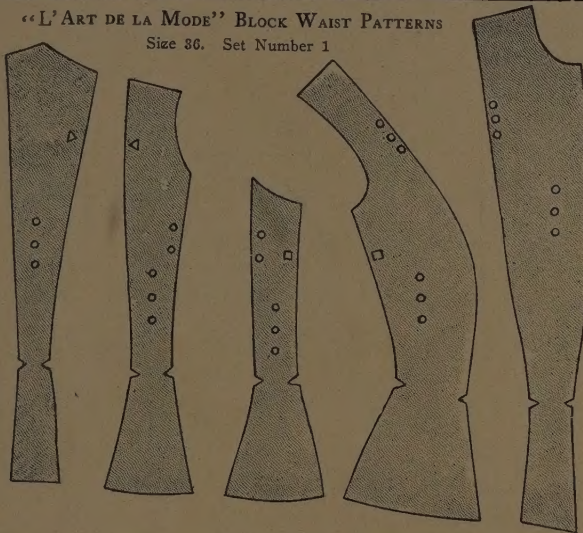


Fig. 1. This shows a shirtwaist pattern, without trimming, tucks, etc. Fastens in back, but can be opened in front. Fig. 2. Shirtwaist made from Fig. 1 pattern, tucked and trimmed. The sleeves can be short or long.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

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the decline. It is used for both day and evening gowns. One of the simplest yet most artistic evening gowns was of white satin covered with a light veiling of white chiffon, and over this was arranged a scant scarf drapery of hydrangea blue chiffon.



Photo Felix

Dainty picture hat of black velvet, trimmed with roses in the "dead" shades. Made by Eliane, Paris

More adapted for general use was a calling costume composed of blue velutina and chiffon of a trifle lighter shade, or perhaps this lighter effect was produced by the shade of blue satin used beneath the chiffon.

There are few dominating ideas in the styles so far seen. Each model carries its individual note in some way or another. In seasons past one has been able to say that such and such were the dominating style notes. This season there is such a diversity of good ideas that it seems impossible to indicate them all.

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